

# BOY

PDC

COMICS

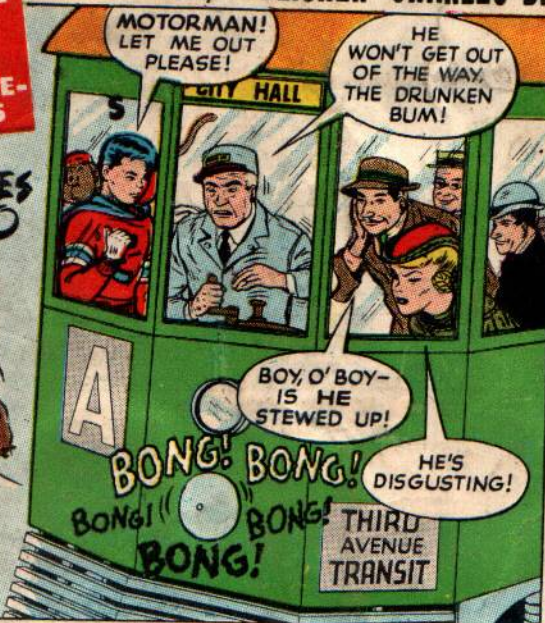
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AUG. NO. 41

**CRIMEBUSTER**  
in **2**  
COMPLETE FEATURE-  
LENGTH STORIES

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER · CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

**CHARLES BIRO**







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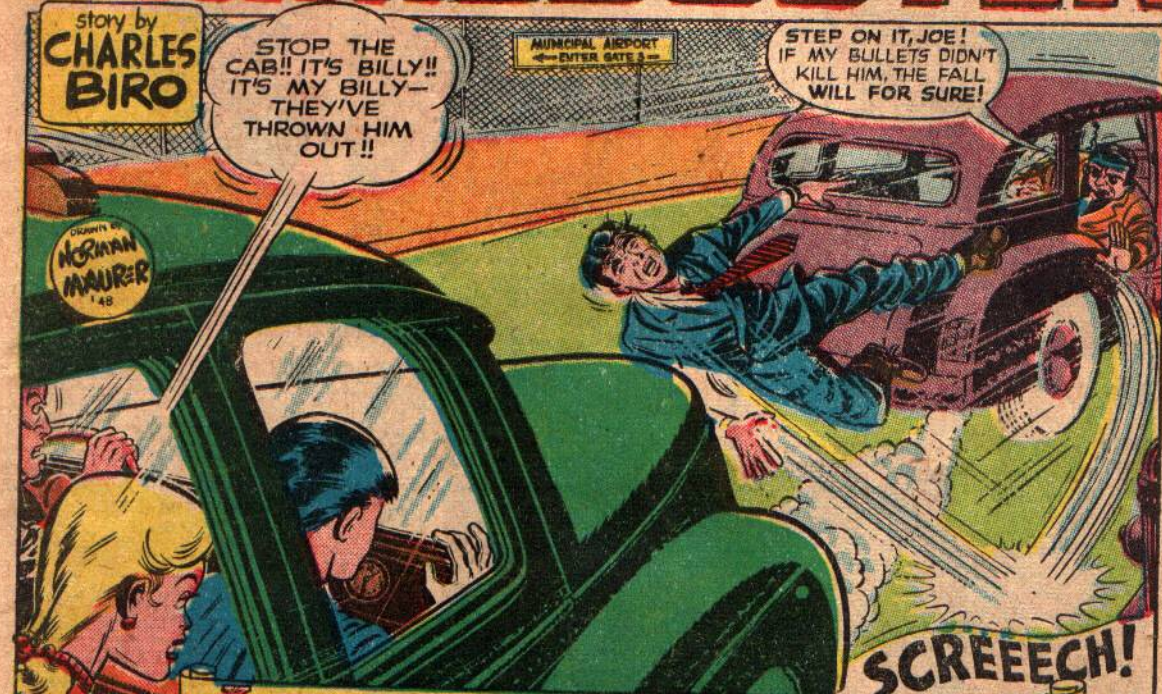
# CRIMEBUSTER

story by  
**CHARLES BIRO**

STOP THE CAB!! IT'S BILLY!! IT'S MY BILLY—THEY'VE THROWN HIM OUT!!

MUNICIPAL AIRPORT  
← ENTER GATE 3 →

STEP ON IT, JOE! IF MY BULLETS DIDN'T KILL HIM, THE FALL WILL FOR SURE!



**L**IFE IS FULL OF GAMBLERS! THE STOCK MARKET, WHICH IS AN IMPORTANT FUNCTION OF OUR ECONOMY, REAL ESTATE, OR ANY BUSINESS VENTURE FOR THAT MATTER, IS ALSO A GAMBLE! IT'S NEEDLESS TO MENTION MORE AS YOU KNOW, THEY ARE WITHIN THE LAW! OUR SOCIETY IS LIKE THE HUMAN BODY—IF ANY ONE ORGAN SUFFERS, THE BODY WILL FEEL THE PAIN! IT WILL LIKEWISE SUFFER! THAT'S WHY MEN OF ALL RACES AND CREEDS MUST WORK TOGETHER IN HARMONY, FOR IF ANY SMALL GROUP IS INJURED, A WHOLE NATION MUST ENDURE ITS AGONY! THE BEST GUIDE TO THAT HARMONY IS THE LAW, WHICH IS A SET OF RULES IN THE GAME OF LIFE, AS IN ANY GAME! THE BOOKIE WHO EVADES HIS TAX OBLIGATION, OR THE GAMBLER WHO CORRUPTS A BASKETBALL TEAM WITH GRAFT, IS MAKING HIS OWN RULES! YOU'LL GET MY POINT IN THIS STORY!

*Charles Biro*

HOW ABOUT A LITTLE WAGER? I'LL BET YA TWO BITS THAT GINNIE PARKER GETS A HIGHER MARK ON THE EXAM THAN BETTY ASHFIELD!

YOU'RE THE BETTINGEST FOOL I EVER MET! OKAY, I SAY SHE DON'T FOR A QUARTER! HERE, YOU HOLD THE BET!

QUIET, CHILDREN! HERE ARE YOUR EXAMINATION MARKS—VIRGINIA PARKER—98, BETTY ASHFIELD—95, JACK EBY—92!

OKAY, BILL, YOU WIN! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DO IT!

WAIT UP, GINNIE—WHAT'S THE BIG RUSH? I WANT TO GIVE YOU A DIME FOR HELPING ME WIN A BET!

I HELPED YOU WIN A BET? HOW?

1950







I BET A QUARTER WITH TOMMY MUNRO THAT YOU'D BEAT BETTY IN THE EXAM, AN' YOU DID! HERE'S A DIME—WHICH I THINK IS A FAIR CUT! IT WAS A SURE THING!

NO, THANKS—I DON'T WANT IT! YOU OUGHT TO HAVE SENSE ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT BETTING IS A SERIOUS THING! YOU COULD BE KICKED OUT OF SCHOOL IF YOU GOT CAUGHT! BESIDES, THERE'S NO SUCH ANIMAL AS A SURE THING!



YOU'RE WRONG, GINNIE! THERE'S 15, 50! JUST TO PROVE MY POINT, I'LL TRY A LITTLE EXPERIMENT—I'LL BET THE DIME THAT I CAN KISS YOU WITHOUT TOUCHIN' YOU!

YOU'RE CRAZY! THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE—AND JUST TO TEACH YOU A LESSON, I'LL TAKE THAT BET!



SMACK



BUT YOU TOUCHED ME, BILLY! SEE—YOU LOSE! PAY ME!

UH-HUH! I KNOW—I LOST THE BET, BUT IT WAS EASILY WORTH A DIME TO KISS YOU!



BILLY BATES—IF I EVER CATCH YOU, I SWEAR I'LL...



THEN, IN HIGH SCHOOL...

OH, BILLY—WE JUST HAVE TO WIN THE GAME! IT MEANS THE DISTRICT CHAMPIONSHIP!

UH-HUH—ONLY DON'T FORGET, THAT RALEIGH HIGH IS A TOUGH TEAM TO BEAT! THEY OUT-WEIGH US TEN POUNDS TO THE MAN! THE ODDS ARE ALL AGAINST US!



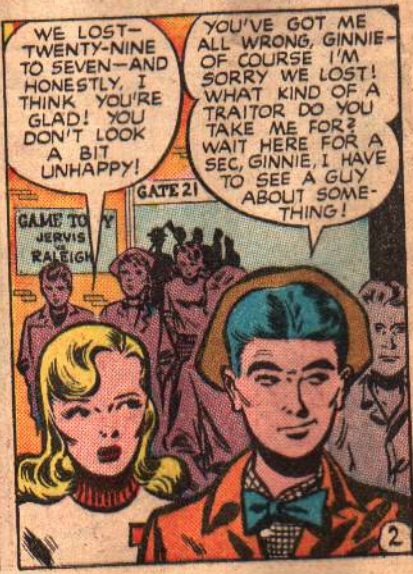
IT'S OUR BALL-AND-LOOK—TOMMY MUNRO HAS IT! RUN, TOMMY, RUN!

TACKLE HIM, RALEIGH! PIN 'IM DOWN!



OH, HECK—HE'S DOWN! BILLY! DID I HEAR YOU ROOTING FOR RALEIGH JUST THEN?

ARE YOU CRAZY? WHO, ME? HECK, NO! YOU MUST HAVE BEEN HEARIN' THINGS, GINNIE!



WE LOST—TWENTY-NINE TO SEVEN—AND HONESTLY, I THINK YOU'RE GLAD! YOU DON'T LOOK A BIT UNHAPPY!

YOU'VE GOT ME ALL WRONG, GINNIE—OF COURSE I'M SORRY WE LOST! WHAT KIND OF A TRAITOR DO YOU TAKE ME FOR? WAIT HERE FOR A SEC, GINNIE, I HAVE TO SEE A GUY ABOUT SOMETHING!













HAVING FUN, GINNIE?

PRETTY MUCH—ONLY I'VE A HUNCH WE'LL BE ELIMINATED VERY SOON! MOST OF THE OTHER CONTESTANTS TAKE THEIR DANCING MORE SERIOUSLY THAN WE DO!



WELL, WE DID PRETTY WELL AT THAT—WE WERE SIXTH ON THE FLOOR! OOPS, THE JUDGE JUST ELIMINATED JOE AND LOUISE! NOW IT'S A CINCH THAT DELLA AND MACK WILL WIN!

YES, IT LOOKS THAT WAY TO ME!



THE WINNERS OF THE CONTEST—DELLA MARTIN AND MACK DONOVAN!



PAY UP, BRIGHT BOY! I TOLD YOU DELLA AND I WERE GOING TO WIN—AT LAST, MY PAL, BET-A-BUCK BATES IS THE LOSER! SIX BUCKS, PLEASE!

YOU DON'T HEAR ME GRIPING, DO YOU? HERE'S YOUR SIX BUCKS, AND CONGRATULATIONS!



HERE'S YOUR TWO BUCKS, WISE GUY! ANYHOW, I GOT ONE SATISFACTION—YOU DIDN'T WIN!



HERE'S YOUR TWO BUCKS, BILLY! I SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO BET AGAINST YOU!



ANYHOW, LOUISE AND I STAYED ON THE FLOOR LONGER THAN YOU AN' GINNIE!



SO YOU DID! SO YOU DID!



BILLY—WHY WERE ALL THE BOYS GIVING YOU MONEY?

JUST A LITTLE BET I MADE WITH 'EM! I SAID THEY WOULDN'T WIN!

BUT WE DIDN'T WIN, EITHER!



I KNOW, BUT THAT WASN'T THE BET! I BET THEY WOULDN'T WIN! IT WAS A SURE THING—I LOST SIX BUCKS TO MACK, BUT I WON TWO BUCKS APIECE FROM THE OTHER SIX GUYS—MAKING A CLEAR PROFIT OF SIX BUCKS!

BILLY BATES! YOU'RE DREADFUL! YOU CAN'T EVEN TAKE ME TO A DANCE, WITHOUT BETTING ON SOME FOOL THING! I HATE IT!



SERIOUSLY, BILLY, THIS BETTING HABIT OF YOURS GETS WORSE ALL THE TIME! WHY, I'VE HEARD YOU'RE GETTING THE NICKNAME OF "BET-A-BUCK" BATES! THAT'S AN AWFUL REPUTATION TO HAVE!

I DON'T SEE WHY! I GET A KICK OUT OF IT! HECK, I WIN, DON'T I?





BET YA A BUCK  
YOU CAN'T PUT THE  
NUMBER THREE  
BALL IN THE  
CORNER  
POCKET!

OH, NO YOU DON'T,  
BET-A-BUCK! YOU  
WON'T GET A BET  
WITH ME! ME OR  
ANY OF THE OTHER  
GUYS, EITHER! YOU'RE  
TOO LUCKY! WHATCHA  
GONNA DO NOW THAT  
YOU'VE FINISHED  
SCHOOL?



GOSH—I CAN'T GET  
ANYONE TO BET WITH  
ME ANY MORE!  
HECK—AT THIS RATE,  
I'LL HAVE TO GO  
HUNTING UP A JOB!  
THAT WOULD BE AWFUL!  
THERE OUGHT TO BE  
OTHER WAYS TO PICK  
UP SOME EASY  
MONEY!



OH, THERE YOU ARE!  
MABEL SAID I'D FIND  
YOU ON THIS CORNER!  
LOOK, HERE'S FIVE  
DOLLARS—PLAY IT TO  
WIN ON "FANCY DOLL"  
IN THE FIFTH AT  
BELMONT!

HUH?  
I...  
UH...



THAT JANE MUST BE  
NUTS, HANDING FIVE  
BUCKS TO A STRANGER!  
I'VE GOT IT—SHE  
MUST'VE THOUGHT I  
WAS A BOOKIE! NOW  
WHAT'LL I DO? I DON'T  
KNOW A THING  
ABOUT HORSES!



HEY, MULLINS—  
YOU KNOW A  
LOT ABOUT HORSES!  
WHAT CHANCE  
HAS "FANCY DOLL"  
GOT OF WINNING  
THE FIFTH AT  
BELMONT?

THAT NAG!  
IF IT DOESN'T  
RUN LAST, IT'LL  
BE A MIRACLE!  
"HEAVY CREAM"  
SHOULD RUN  
AWAY WITH  
THAT RACE!



I COULD PLACE THE BET  
WITH LUCKY DAN, BUT  
HECK, IF IT HASN'T A CHANCE  
OF WINNING, WHY GIVE HIM  
FIVE BUCKS? I'LL KEEP IT  
FOR MYSELF—ONLY WHAT  
IF IT WINS? HOW COULD  
I PAY OFF? AWWW...  
I'LL TAKE A CHANCE!



"FIFTH AT BELMONT,"  
"HEAVY CREAM," BY A  
NOSE "HAPPY RHODA,"  
SECOND "IRVING W."  
THIRD...

WOW!"FANCY  
DOLL" RAN OUT  
OF THE MONEY!  
THAT MEANS I'M  
IN FIVE BUCKS!  
BOY, WHAT A SOFT  
WAY TO MAKE  
MONEY! HOW LONG  
HAS THIS BEEN  
GOING ON?



HELLO, I GUESS I  
HAD BAD LUCK  
YESTERDAY! WILL YOU  
PUT THIS SIX DOLLARS  
ON "GLOOMY DAY" IN THE  
SEVENTH AT BELMONT?  
TWO ACROSS THE  
BOARD!

SURE  
THING!



OH, MISTER, MY FRIEND SAID  
YOU'D TAKE A BET FOR ME!  
WOULD YOU PLAY THIS  
ON "DARKMOON" IN THE  
EIGHTH AT  
MONMOUTH?

TWO  
BUCKS ON  
"DARKMOON"—  
SURE!









GREAT JUMPIN' JIMMINY—A GRAND—A GRAND TO WIN ON "ROSY RING! HEY, MISTER, WAIT! I CAN'T... TOO LATE... H... HE'S GONE!



WHAT'S THE DOPE ON "ROSY RING" IN THE FIFTH TODAY, MULLINS?

"ROSY RING"? I JUST GOT A HOT TIP ON HER! SHE'S A SURE WINNER! SHE CAN'T LOSE, UNLESS SHE BREAKS A LEG OR DROPS DEAD—WHICH AIN'T LIKELY! I'VE GOT A BUNDLE ON HER!



OH, MIGOSH! THE RACE GOES OFF IN AN HOUR! I'VE GOT TO GET THIS BET DOWN, OR I'LL BE IN A JAM! I'D NEVER BE ABLE TO PAY OFF! MAYBE LUCKY WOULD HANDLE THIS BET FOR ME!



TAKE A GRAND BET ON "ROSY RING." DO YOU THINK LUCKY DAN IS CRAZY? THAT NAG'S A SURE WINNER, AN' DAN AIN'T TAKIN' NO MORE BETS ON IT! LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE STUCK, BET-A-BUCK!

THANKS, ANYWAY!

GEE, I SURE AM IN A JAM!



HE'S SURE SWEATIN', BOSS! THAT GRAND BET HENNY PLACED FOR YOU HAS BET-A-BUCK SCARED STIFF!

GOOD—THIS'LL MAKE HIM COME IN WITH ME ON WHATEVER TERMS I MAKE! HE'S A SMART KID—HE'S GOT A HIGH SCHOOL EDUCATION!



"ROSY RING," AN 18-1 SHOT IS MOVING UP FAST ON THE OUTSIDE—LOOKS LIKE THE WINNER!

OOH! IF SHE WINS, I'M SUNK! I'D BETTER START PACKING RIGHT NOW!



"ROSY RING" IS WELL IN THE LEAD! NOTHING BUT A MIRACLE WILL KEEP HER FROM WINNING! SHE'S COMING DOWN THE STRETCH—EIGHT LENGTHS IN FRONT, WITH ABOUT FIFTY YARDS TO THE FINISH LINE!

YEAH, AN' IT'S MY FINISH, TOO!



WAIT A MINUTE, FOLKS—SOMETHING HAPPENED DOWN THERE—"ROSY RING" HAS THROWN HER JOCKEY! SHE'S JUMPED THE INSIDE RAIL!



AND THE WINNER IS "MILESTONE," WITH "NANCIE" SECOND, AND "SUGARBUN" THIRD! "ROSY RING," A SURE WINNER UP TO A FEW SECONDS AGO, LOST THE RACE IN THE MOST SPECTACULAR...

SHE RAN OUT OF THE MONEY! SHE LOST! LADY LUCK SAVED ME—AN' WOW! I'M IN A GRAND!









GIVE ME A BREAK, LUCKY! IF YOU'LL HANDLE THIS BET, I'LL COME INTO YOUR SYNDICATE!

YOU THINK I'M NUTS? IT'S TOO LATE, KID! YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE! WHY SHOULD I? IF NEW BABY WINS, YOU'LL HAVE TO SKIP TOWN, OR GABBY WILL RUB YOU OUT! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS TAKE OVER YOUR CUSTOMERS, AN' I WON'T HAVE TO PAY YOU NO CUT! YOU'VE STRETCHED YOUR LUCK TOO FAR THIS TIME, KIDDO!



NO USE WAITIN' TO HEAR THE RESULT OF THE RACE— I'LL NEED ALL MY TIME TO MAKE PLENTY OF DISTANCE BETWEEN ME AND GABBY! I'LL JUST TAKE THE FIRST PLANE I CAN GET!



GIVE ME A ONE-WAY TICKET ON THE NEXT PLANE OUT! I DON'T CARE WHERE IT'S GOING!

THE NEXT PLANE IS THE SOUTHERN BIRD—LEAVING IN TEN MINUTES—IT STOPS AT CASHVILLE, MT. VINCENT, AND MIAMI! THERE'S A MIAMI THROUGH FLIGHT TAKING OFF AN HOUR LATER!



CASHVILLE—DID YOU SAY CASHVILLE? WHAT TIME DOES THE PLANE ARRIVE THERE?

IT'S DUE THERE AT THREE FIVE!



THREE FIVE AN' THE THIRD RACE ISN'T TILL THREE-THIRTY! MY LUCK IS WITH ME!

OKAY— I'LL TAKE A TICKET TO CASHVILLE—A ROUND TRIP TICKET!



NOW I'LL BE THERE IN TIME TO MAKE IT TO THE TRACK AND PLACE THAT BET ON "NEW BABY"—AND PAY OFF GABBY! WHEW, THAT WAS CLOSE!

GEE, TALK ABOUT BEING EXCLUSIVE— I'M THE ONLY PASSENGER ON THIS RUN!



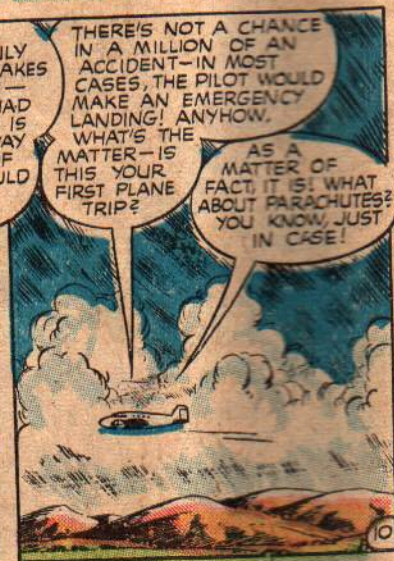
OH, STEWARDESS— IS THE PLANE GOING TO BE ON TIME? I WANT TO GET TO THE MILL-HILL TRACK IN TIME FOR THE THIRD RACE!

WE'LL GET TO CASHVILLE ON SCHEDULE, BUT THE TRACK IS TEN MILES AWAY! YOU'LL BE LUCKY IF YOU GET THERE FOR THE LAST RACE UNLESS YOU HAVE A CAR! I KNOW THE CASHVILLE TAXI SERVICE!



WE PASS RIGHT OVER THE TRACK AS WE APPROACH CASHVILLE! I'LL COME BACK, AND POINT IT OUT IF YOU'D LIKE!

SWELL—SAY, BEING THE ONLY PASSENGER MAKES ME NERVOUS— WHAT IF WE HAD AN ACCIDENT? IS THERE ANY WAY TO GET OUT OF HERE, OR WOULD WE JUST CRASH?



THERE'S NOT A CHANCE IN A MILLION OF AN ACCIDENT—IN MOST CASES, THE PILOT WOULD MAKE AN EMERGENCY LANDING! ANYHOW, WHAT'S THE MATTER—IS THIS YOUR FIRST PLANE TRIP?

AS A MATTER OF FACT, IT IS! WHAT ABOUT PARACHUTES? YOU KNOW, JUST IN CASE!

























PLEASE DON'T CRY—  
HE'S PROBABLY BEEN  
DELAYED— BRIDE-  
GROOMS HAVE A  
WAY OF GETTING  
NERVOUS AND  
FORGETTING  
THE TIME!

OH—  
THE PHONE!  
THAT MAY  
BE BILLY,  
NOW!



GINNIE, I'M IN A JAM—  
SOME GUYS INSISTED  
ON ME TAKIN' A BIG BET—  
MY ONLY HOPE WAS TO  
FLY TO THE TRACK AN'  
PLACE IT! I'M AT THE  
AIRPORT NOW, BUT ALL  
THE PLANES ARE GROUNDED,  
SO I CAN'T MAKE IT! I  
WON'T BE ABLE TO PAY  
THEM OFF IF THE HORSE  
WINS, WHICH IS CERTAIN!  
THE GANG WILL START  
GUNNING FOR ME—  
FOR SURE!



MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO  
SKIP TOWN, AN' THAT'S NO  
LIFE FOR YOU, HONEY! SO  
JUST FORGET YOU EVER  
MET ME! YOUR FOLKS  
WERE RIGHT ABOUT  
ME AFTER ALL!

NO, BILLY,  
NO! WAIT—  
WHERE YOU  
ARE? AT LEAST  
LET ME SEE  
YOU TO SAY  
GOODBYE!



WE'VE GOT TO GET TO  
THE AIRPORT RIGHT AWAY!  
I MUST SEE BILLY! HE'S  
IN TROUBLE! SOME  
GANG WANTS TO KILL  
HIM! OH, THIS IS  
AWFUL!



I HATE  
TO DO IT,  
BUT I MUST  
TELL YOU  
THAT BILLY IS  
IN A JAM WITH  
THE LAW, TOO!  
I'M FROM  
LOOVER'S  
OFFICE!

I'M SURE  
BILLY WOULDN'T  
DO ANYTHING  
REALLY WRONG!  
I'D RATHER  
YOU TOOK HIM  
TO JAIL, WHERE  
HE COULD CLEAR  
HIMSELF, THAN  
FOR THOSE  
KILLERS TO GET  
HOLD OF  
HIM!



YOU WOULDN'T  
BE PLANNIN'  
TO LEAVE TOWN, WOULD  
YA, BET-A-BUCK—  
NOT WITH GABBY'S  
MONEY?

NO...I...  
THAT IS...  
LET ME  
EXPLAIN...

SURE—  
COME WITH  
US, AN' YOU  
CAN EXPLAIN  
TO THE BIG  
BOSS!



GET IN  
THERE!

CRIMEBUSTER,  
LOOK—IT'S BILLY!  
THOSE TWO MEN  
ARE FORCING HIM  
INTO THAT CAR!

DRIVER—  
FOLLOW  
THAT  
CAR!



I SWEAR  
I WAS ONLY  
TRYING TO  
GET TO THE  
TRACK TO  
PLACE THE  
BET!

YA THINK  
WE BELIEVE  
THAT  
YARN?

I'M DOIN'  
SIXTY, BUT I  
CAN'T SHAKE  
THAT CAB  
THAT'S BEEN  
FOLLOWIN'



THEY MUST BE  
COPS! PITCH  
THE BUM OUTTA  
HERE! MAYBE  
IT'LL STOP  
THEM!

YEAH,  
BUT FIRST,  
I'LL THROW  
IN A LITTLE  
LEAD INTO  
HIM FOR  
BALLAST!

BANG  
BANG





YA DOPE! YA DIDN'T TAKE THE DOUGH! GABBY WILL MURDER US IF THAT GUY LIVES AN' BLABS TO THE COPS!

DON'T BE A DOPE! HE'S A DEAD PIGEON! IF THE BULLETS DIDN'T KILL HIM, THE FALL WILL! HE'LL THROW THE COPS OFF OUR TRAIL!



CRIMEBUSTER! STOP-IT'S BILLY! THEY THREW BILLY OUT!



BILLY! BILLY!

DON'T TOUCH HIM! HE'S IN BAD SHAPE--THERE'S NOTHING MORE WE CAN DO UNTIL THE AMBULANCE ARRIVES!



I'LL BETCHA A HUNDRED TO ONE...I...DON'T GET OUTTA THIS HOSPITAL ALIVE!

YOU WILL, BILLY! THIS TIME, I'LL BE ROOTING FOR YOU ALL THE WAY!

WE'LL DO ALL WE CAN, CRIMEBUSTER



CRIMEBUSTER, I JUST KNOW BILLY CAN'T BE MIXED UP IN COUNTERFEITING! HE WAS A BOOKIE, YES, BUT NOT A CRIMINAL!

LOOK AT WHAT WAS IN HIS WALLET--\$5,000 WORTH OF PHONEY MONEY! HE'LL HAVE TO DO A LOT OF EXPLAINING! FOR YOUR SAKE, I HOPE HE CAN!



BILLY... IS HE... WILL HE...

YES, MY DEAR, HE'LL LIVE!

GOOD! I'VE ARRANGED FOR POLICE PROTECTION FOR HIM!



HIS GANGSTER FRIENDS SEEMED SO ANXIOUS TO KILL HIM, THEY'LL PROBABLY TRY AGAIN! HE SHOULD BE SAFE IN HIS ROOM! IT'S UP A STORY FROM THE STREET, AND THERE ARE GUARDS OUTSIDE OF ALL THE ROOMS, AS WELL AS DOWNSTAIRS! C'MON, WE'LL SEE IF HE'S AWAKE YET!

YOU'RE RIGHT! THEY MIGHT TRY AGAIN TO KEEP HIM FROM TALKING!



I OWE YOU A HUNDRED BUCKS, HONEY--THAT'S THE FIRST BET I EVER LOST! DOC SAYS I'LL LIVE AFTER ALL!

GIVE ME YOUR STORY, BATES! WHO WERE YOU GOING TO PASS THIS COUNTERFEIT FOR? DON'T DENY IT BECAUSE IT'S RIGHT HERE IN YOUR WALLET--FIVE THOUSAND PHONY DOLLARS!



WHAT? WHY THOSE DIRTY SKUNKS--BERTIN' WITH COUNTERFEIT DOLLARS! I DIDN'T KNOW--I SWEAR IT...IT WAS GABBY'S DOWNTOWN MOB! GABBY FORCED ME TO TAKE HIS B...OMHH...

BANG  
BANG  
BANG





THE END



GOOD  
THINGS  
COME  
IN

# SMALL PACKAGES

by  
CLAUDE  
MOORE



**AUDREY BOCKMANN,**  
AGE 16,

Ridgefield, New Jersey,  
IS THE FIRST GIRL EVER TO  
WIN THE NATIONAL  
RIFLE CHAMPIONSHIP!

SHE MADE 1590 OUT OF 1600 POINTS  
— WITH 93 INNER-RING SCORES!



**ALAN  
GROSSMAN**

— AGE 13, New York City,  
IS A MASTER ARTIST — HIS ETCHINGS HANG  
IN THE BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS AND THE  
NEW YORK LIBRARY AS WELL AS IN OTHER  
FAMOUS GALLERIES!



**LEO FARRELL,**  
AGE 9,

Whitmore, Iowa,  
WON 2 YEARS STRAIGHT —  
THE BOOK READING CONTEST  
OF THE LOCAL LIBRARY!  
DURING THE SUMMER VACATION,  
HE READ 157 BOOKS  
EVEN THOUGH A  
PAPER ROUTE  
TOOK UP MUCH OF  
HIS TIME!

*Lois  
Butler,*

Los Angeles,

AGE 15,  
IS A MOVIE  
STAR —

BUT — HER CONTRACT STATES THAT SHE  
MUST KEEP ABOVE AVERAGE IN HER SCHOOL  
MARKS!



**LAURA  
LOU  
JAHN,**  
AGE 14,

Belmar, N.J.,  
HOLDS 12  
TENNIS CROWNS,  
BUT IS NOT  
OLD ENOUGH



FOR THE NATIONALS!

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IN THIS FEATURE?

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ABOUT YOURSELF, AND  
ENCLOSE YOUR PICTURE  
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NEW YORK CITY.  
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IF YOU'RE  
UNDER  
18



**DAN RICE,**  
king of Clowns,  
WAS A JOCKEY  
WHEN HE WAS  
10 YEARS OLD!

HE BECAME ONE  
OF THE FIRST  
CIRCUS CLOWNS  
IN AMERICA  
WHEN 17 YRS OLD!

C.H. MOORE





# MEDIUM-RARE

## A DAREDEVIL STORY

**D**AREDEVIL and Police Inspector Crandell sat silently in the back of the big police cruiser as it rolled steadily towards the outskirts of the city. It was the little man hunched between them who finally broke the silence.

"I—I must ask you gentlemen once more," said Alvin Burns nervously, "to please reconsider. If you accompany me to the seance at Madame Tanya's and she discovers who you are, she may become angry. And she—well, she has very strong powers!"

"Sorry, Mr. Burns," answered Inspector Crandell. "We believe that she had something to do with the death of your brother, Arthur. I'd advise you not to tip her off about us when we get there. This is official business!"

The little man glared at Crandell with mingled fear and rage, but *Daredevil* cut him off before he could speak.

"Crandell, if you expect me to be any help on this case, I'll have to know more than I do now," he said. "All I've heard is that Arthur Burns, a well-known actor, was found dead last night on the parkway, apparently the victim of a hit and run driver. What makes you believe there's more to it?"

"Well, I'll tell you all we have, and you see what you can make of it," answered Crandell.

"In the first place," began the Inspector, "it hasn't been explained at all how Burns happened to be way out there on the parkway. He never went anywhere without his car and chauffeur. George, the chauffeur, tells us that Mr. Burns asked to be driven to the apartment of this Madame Tanya early last eve-

ning, but changed his mind and got out of the car in the theatrical district, and that's the last anyone saw of him until he was found dead."

*Daredevil* turned to the sullen brother of the dead man. "Did your brother visit this medium, Madame Tanya, often?"

Alvin Burns cursed softly before answering. "Yes, if you must know—we both did. I don't expect you to believe it, but Madame Tanya was often able to put us in touch with our dear, departed mother. We saw and spoke to her several times!"

"Bosh!" Crandell snorted openly at Burns' remark, but the man's nervous little face only



tightened with distaste. He chose to remain silent.

"Did you know your brother intended to visit the woman last night?"

Burns answered *Daredevil's* question impatiently. "Yes, I did. But really, she couldn't have had anything to do with his death. He only intended to stop for a moment to give her

his picture, and anyway, he never got there!"

*Daredevil* frowned. "What picture?"

"Just an autographed picture of himself. He was rather famous, you know!"

*Daredevil* turned back to Crandell. "What else have you got, Crandell? Was there any sign of a picture near the body?"

"No, no picture," said Crandell, "but we'll have a look for it. But there's one other interesting thing. When we heard about this Madame Tanya, we did a little snooping around, and found that Mr. Burns here and his brother had signed checks payable to the woman for close to twenty-five thousand dollars, all in the last year."

Burns snorted. "That means nothing. We were simply grateful to her for putting us in touch with our mother!"

"Well, we'll soon see," grunted Crandell, as the car pulled to the curb in a crowded street. "Here we are. And remember, Mr. Burns — we're friends of your brother's, come to see him once more. Don't try any tricks!"

Madame Tanya herself met them at the door of the dimly lit apartment. After Burns had performed the introductions as he had been instructed, she led them to an inner room which was completely hung with long drapes, its only furniture a tiny round table and four chairs in the center of the room.

"Now, if you gentlemen will kindly sit here," she said, indicating the table, "I will try to reach the other world, and the poor Mr. Burns, whose tragic death has upset me so."

Crandell frowned as he



watched the woman fussing about, seating each of them at the table. He had seen dozens of swarthy fortune tellers of the same calibre, and he was unim-



pressed. Meanwhile, *Daredevil's* eyes were busy. They rested momentarily on the inscrutable drapes, on the carpeted floor, and on the light switch by the door. As the woman indicated his place beside her, and Crandell's on her other side, leaving Burns to sit across the table from her, *Daredevil* repressed a quick grin.

Madame Tanya crossed to the door and extinguished the lights, and then *Daredevil* felt her take her place beside him at the cramped table.

"Now if each of you new gentlemen will give me one of your hands, and give your other hand to Mr. Burns, I shall be ready to span the gulf between the two worlds!" Madame Tan-

ya's voice had suddenly grown deep and vibrant.

"Oh, excuse me a moment," came *Daredevil's* voice in the dark. "I seem to have dropped my handkerchief."

Madame Tanya gave a cluck of impatience as there was a sound of scraping chairs. Burns muttered something to himself about the close quarters for four at the table, and then came *Daredevil's* voice again.

"Alright, Madame, there's my hand. Can you find it?"

"Just a moment—yes, I have it," she answered. "So—perfect silence, please, and I shall begin."

*Daredevil* grinned widely to himself in the concealing darkness as a low, eerie wail issued from the throat of the woman beside him. Same old corn they all use! But what was the gimmick this time? The checks, the dead actor, the — the photograph! That was it! *Daredevil* gave a mental snap of his fingers. "Don't know yet if it ties in with the murder, but it may!" he thought.

A gasp beside him brought *Daredevil's* attention back to the room. As he looked up, the sight that met his eyes brought a momentary prickle to the surface of his skin.

Floating before him as in a dream was a ghostly white, shapeless figure, and above it a filmy but perfectly recognizable face!

*Daredevil* shook himself,

grinned again into the darkness, and silently stood up.

Alvin Burns' voice cracked the deathly hush. "Arthur! It's Arthur," he whispered. "Speak to me, brother—please speak!"

There was a moment more of silence, and then a measured, bell-like voice answered.

"Yes, Alvin, it is I. I have come to ask that my death be accepted. It was an accident, nothing more, and I wish you to inform."

And then, with a crack like a lightning bolt in the hushed room, the lights came on!

For a moment, the scene seemed painted. No one moved.



The three at the table sat frozen, while *Daredevil*, standing at the door, his hand on the light switch, stared at the figure that stood in the center of the room — obviously a large man,





covered with a sheet, and holding over his head a photograph of Arthur Burns!

Suddenly, everyone moved at once. The three who were seated



jumped to their feet, *Daredevil* started across the room, and the picture clattered to the floor, followed by the sheet, to reveal a huge, powerful man, his face purple with rage.

"George!" Burns stared at the newcomer, stupefied. "George! How did you...?"

"I thought so!" *Daredevil* levelled a finger at the bulky figure, trembling with fury in the center of the room: "George—the Burns' chauffeur, partner in crime to Madame Tanya—the murderer!"

With an inarticulate roar of rage, the heavy stranger launched himself at *Daredevil*.

*Daredevil* caught the outstretched wrist, bent low and turned partly sideways, and then straightened with the whip of a coiled spring. Big George gave a startled cry, and then his body crashed against the far wall, with building-shaking impact and dropped limply to the floor.

A shrill scream broke from the throat of Madame Tanya. "I didn't want to do it! I didn't want to kill Burns! I swear it! It was George! He did it! Don't give me the chair—please!"

Alvin Burns sank slowly into his chair, his face ashen. "What a fool I've been! What an idiotic, senseless fool!"

"It was a simple set-up," said *Daredevil*, as he and Crandell settled themselves in the back seat of the police car for the trip to headquarters. "George got the picture of Mrs. Burns, and played ghost, and the impressionable Burns brothers fell hard enough for Madame Tanya's line to shell out plenty of money. But when Arthur caught on, nothing would do for George, but to murder the poor fellow. It should be easy to prove that he ran over Burns with his own car, when you check the tire tracks and so forth. Anyway, our phony medium is so scared she'll tell you anything you want to know."

"I know all that," grunted Crandell. "What I don't see is how you got to that light switch

without the Madame knowing you were gone!"

*Daredevil* chuckled. "Nothing to it. Remember when I pretended to drop my handkerchief? Well, I just pushed my chair back out of the way, and then when she reached for my hand, I simply guided Burns' hand gently into hers. At those close quarters, neither of them noticed

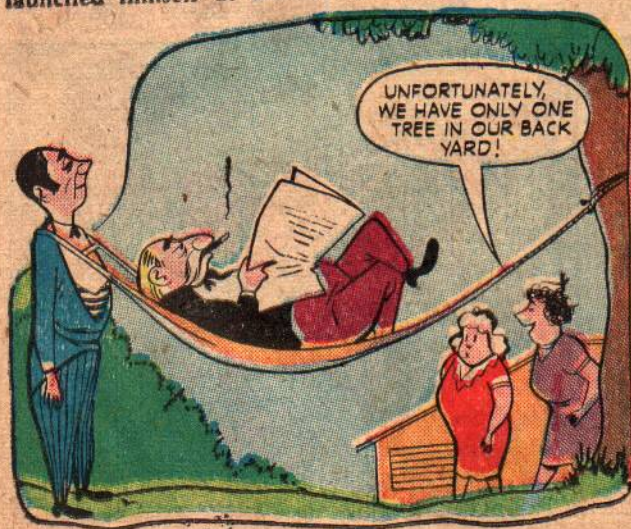


anything. She thought she was holding my hand all the time!"

Crandell stretched comfortably. "Well, I'm glad it's all over. It was a rare sort of case while it lasted, though."

*Daredevil* grinned. "Oh, I've seen crazier ones involving mediums and such characters. If you'll pardon the pun, I'd say it was just—medium rare!"

THE END





# BOXING QUIZ

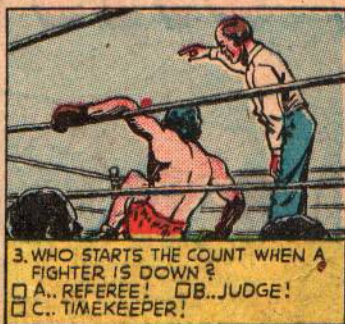
ARE YOU A CHAMPION OR A THIRD RATER? TEST YOUR BOXING-I.Q. HOP INTO THE RING AND LET'S SEE HOW GOOD YOU ARE! CHECK EACH QUESTION A, B, OR C! THEN TURN THE PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR THE ANSWERS! DON'T LET THE PICTURES FOOL YOU!



1. THE OFFICIAL WEIGHT OF A PROFESSIONAL HEAVYWEIGHTS GLOVES ARE  
☐ A.. 8 OZ! ☐ B.. 10 OZ!  
☐ C.. 6 OZ!



2. WHAT CHAMPION EARNED THE MOST MONEY FROM A SINGLE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH?  
☐ A.. JACK DEMPSEY!  
☐ B.. GENE TUNNEY!  
☐ C.. JOE LOUIS!



3. WHO STARTS THE COUNT WHEN A FIGHTER IS DOWN?  
☐ A.. REFEREE! ☐ B.. JUDGE!  
☐ C.. TIMEKEEPER!



4. WHAT FAMOUS FIGHTER CHANGED HIS STYLE OF BOXING IN THE RING AND OUT?  
☐ A.. JOHN L. SULLIVAN! ☐ B.. TOMMY LOUGHRAN!  
☐ C.. JIM CORBETT!



5. WHAT INTERNATIONAL SINGING STAR WAS LT. HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF FRANCE?  
☐ A.. CARL BRISSON!  
☐ B.. MAURICE CHEVALIER!  
☐ C.. GEORGES CARPENTIER!

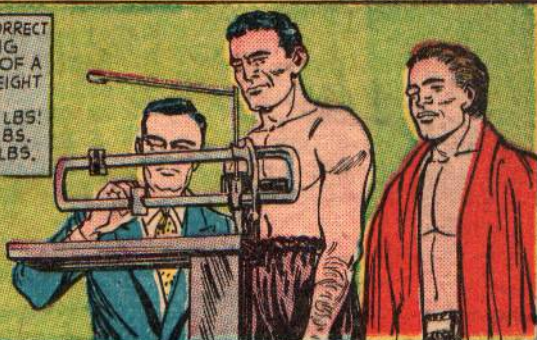


6. THE AMOUNT OF WARNING GIVEN FIGHTERS BEFORE EACH ROUND IS  
☐ A.. 7 SECONDS!  
☐ B.. 5 SECONDS! ☐ C.. 10 SECONDS!

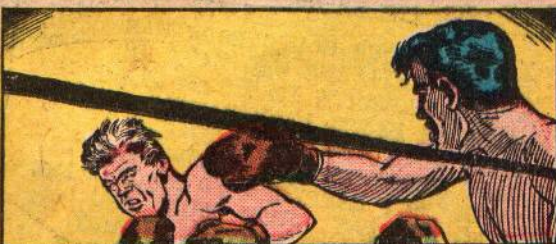
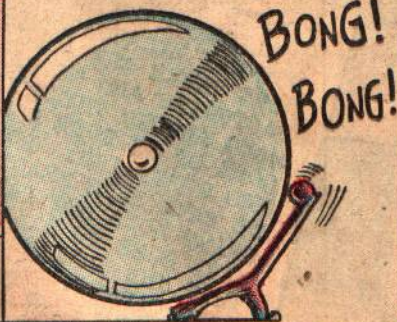


7. WHO WAS THE LAST HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP TO WEAR HANDLEBARS?  
☐ A.. JOHN L. SULLIVAN!  
☐ B.. JAKE KILRAIN!  
☐ C.. PADDY RYAN!

8. THE CORRECT FIGHTING WEIGHT OF A WELTERWEIGHT IS...  
☐ A.. 135 LBS!  
☐ B.. 147 LBS.  
☐ C.. 160 LBS.



9. THE OFFICIAL LENGTH OF A ROUND IS..  
☐ A.. 5 MINUTES!  
☐ B.. 2 MINUTES!  
☐ C.. 3 MINUTES!



10. WHO WAS THE TALLEST BOXER TO EVER HOLD THE HEAVYWEIGHT CROWN?  
☐ A.. JESS WILLARD! ☐ B.. HARRY WILLS!  
☐ C.. PRIMO CARNERA!

SCORE YOURSELF A RING RATING OF 100 FOR EACH CORRECT ANSWER—WITH A RATING OF 0-200, YOU DON'T BELONG IN THE RING! 300-400 YOU'RE STILL AN AMATEUR—500-600 YOU'RE A PRETTY GOOD "PRELIM-BOY"—700-800, YOU SHOULD BE IN THE SEMI-FINALS, AND 900-1000—YOU'RE OKAY, CHAMP!

ANSWERS

1. C-6 OUNCES  
 2. B-GENE TUNNEY IN HIS SECOND FIGHT  
 3. C-TIMEKEEPER  
 4. C-JIM CORBETT  
 5. A-CARL BRISSON  
 6. C-TEN SECONDS  
 7. A-JOHN L. SULLIVAN  
 8. B-147 POUNDS  
 9. C-THREE MINUTES  
 10. A-JESS WILLARD 6 FEET 6 INCHES



# SAVED FROM A

**J**UVENILE DELINQUENCY HAS DECREASED CONSIDERABLY IN THE RECENT MONTHS! IT WOULD BE STUPID OF US TO CLAIM THAT OUR COMIC BOOKS WERE ENTIRELY RESPONSIBLE! HOWEVER, WHEN ONE STOPS TO CONSIDER THAT A MAGAZINE IS USUALLY TRADED OR EXCHANGED TEN OR MORE TIMES BEFORE ITS MUTILATION, TWO MILLION COPIES OF A PARTICULAR ISSUE MAY REACH ALMOST EVERY COMIC-READING JUVENILE IN THE COUNTRY! IT IS NOT FANTASTIC TO ASSUME THAT WHATEVER WE MIGHT HAVE TO SAY IN A MAGAZINE WILL CERTAINLY, TO A LARGE DEGREE, BE ABSORBED! LET THESE READER LETTERS DETERMINE FOR YOU TO WHAT DEGREE OUR MAGAZINES HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO THE LESSENING OF JUVENILE CRIME!

*The Editors*

YOUR MAGAZINE IS ACCOMPLISHING WHAT NO OTHER PUBLICATION HAS EVER BEEN ABLE TO ACCOMPLISH. PERHAPS, THROUGH IT, YOU HAVE SAVED MANY PERSONS FROM LIVES OF CRIME. AS FOR MYSELF, I AM SURE I WILL NEVER BE A CRIMINAL.

SINCERELY, JIMMIE  
490 SEARCY AVENUE  
BARTOW, FLORIDA

I LIVE IN A NEIGHBORHOOD THAT IS REALLY TOUGH. I USED TO GO AROUND WITH SOME BOYS AND MAKE TROUBLE, BUT AFTER READING OUR MAGAZINE, WE CHANGED OUR MINDS, AND NOW ALL THE BOYS PLAY BALL AND OTHER GAMES WITHOUT EVER GETTING INTO TROUBLE.

YOURS, R.B.  
MONTREAL, CANADA

I USED TO STEAL EVERYTHING I COULD GET MY HANDS ON. ONE DAY, AN INTERESTED FAL GAVE ME A COPY OF CRIME DOES NOT PAY. AFTER I READ THE STORY OF LEPKE, I BEGAN TO SEE ALL MY MISTAKES. NO KIDDING, I AM CURED.

THANK YOU, M.O.  
MAKAWAO, MAUI, T.H.

I THINK YOUR COMIC BOOK HAS HELPED CHILDREN WHO HAVE THE WRONG THOUGHTS IN THEIR MINDS, SUCH AS BEING LAWBREAKERS. I KNEW BOYS WHO TRIED TO GET A GANG TOGETHER AND BECOME CROOKS. THEN THEY HAPPENED TO READ CRIME DOES NOT PAY, JUST ONCE, AND THEY SAW THEIR MISTAKE. THEY REALIZED THEY WOULD SURELY PAY FOR THEIR MISDEEDS IN THE END. I'M SURE THIS BOOK HAS SAVED MANY FROM A LIFE OF CRIME.

TRULY, E. T.  
BRIDGETON, NEW JERSEY

I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR PUBLISHING CRIME DOES NOT PAY BECAUSE A LOT OF HERE THERE ARE A LOT OF FACTORIES AND WE USED TO HANG AROUND THERE AND COMMIT SOME OF US EVEN COMMITTED ROBBERIES. RECENTLY, WE HAVE BEEN READING CRIME DOES NOT PAY, AND HAVE COME TO REALIZE THAT THE CRIMINAL IS ALWAYS CAUGHT. NOW, NONE OF US ARE EVER FOUND HANGING AROUND THE FACTORIES ANYMORE.

SINCERELY, E.C., JR.  
LONG ISLAND CITY, N.Y.



# LIFE OF CRIME!

I AM A TEEN-AGED BOY AND OF ALL THE COMICS, I LIKE CRIME DOES NOT PAY THE BEST. I HAVE BEEN GUILTY OF THREE CRIMES AND I ALWAYS GOT CAUGHT. THANKS TO YOUR MAGAZINE, I HAVE GIVEN UP CRIME FOR GOOD. THANKFULLY, Y.D.D. CLARKSTON, WASH.

I AM WRITING TO THANK YOU FOR WHAT YOU HAVE DONE FOR MY BIG BROTHER. WHEN HE WAS DISCHARGED FROM THE ARMY, HE SAID HE WAS GOING TO BECOME A CROOK. I ADVISED HIM TO READ CRIME DOES NOT PAY (OF WHICH I AM A CONSTANT READER). SINCE THEN, HE HASN'T HAD AN EVIL THOUGHT. YOURS TRULY, M.M.R. ALDEN, NEW YORK

I AM 15 YEARS OLD AND I LIKE TO READ YOUR BOOKS. LAST YEAR, I WAS GOING TO STEAL SOMETHING FROM A STORE AND THAT SAME DAY, I TRADED BOOKS WITH MY FRIEND AND GOT CRIME AND I CHANGED MY MIND ABOUT STEALING. SINCERELY, F.A. NEW HAVEN, CONN.

I AM THE MOTHER OF A BOY WHO HAS JUST BEEN RELEASED FROM THE RHODE ISLAND STATE TRAINING SCHOOL FOR BOYS. WHILE THERE, I SENT HIM YOUR MONTHLY EDITIONS OF CRIME DOES NOT PAY CONSTANTLY. I FEEL THAT BECAUSE HE HAS BEEN READING THESE BOOKS HE FEELS DIFFERENTLY ABOUT MAKING "EASY MONEY". HE IS NOW 16 AND HE KEEPS TELLING ME HOW HE USED TO THINK FOR HOURS WHEN HE READ CRIME DOES NOT PAY. GRATEFULLY, MRS. F.V. PROVIDENCE, R. I.

MY COUSIN WANTED TO BECOME A GANGSTER, UNTIL I STARTED TO READ CRIME DOES NOT PAY TO HIM. EVER SINCE THEN, HE WANTS TO BE A GOOD CITIZEN AND EARN HIS MONEY, INSTEAD OF STEALING IT. YOURS TRULY, P.F. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

ONE DAY I WAS GOING TO POISON A LADY. THEN I PICKED UP YOUR WONDERFUL BOOK, CRIME DOES NOT PAY. IT WAS THIS, YOUR MAGAZINE, THAT SAVED ME. G.R. VALLEJO, CAL.



# CRIMEBUSTER

**H**OW TO BECOME A CHAMP IN ANY SPORT IN THREE EASY LESSONS:

- 1...TAKE INSTRUCTIONS AND PRACTICE!
- 2...TAKE MORE INSTRUCTIONS AND PRACTICE SOME MORE!
- 3...MORE OF THE SAME!

THE UNTRAINED STREET BRAWLER WOULDN'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST A TRAINED BOXER! THE BOXER WOULD HIT HIM AT WILL, AND WOULD BLOCK EVERY PUNCH THAT THE BRAWLER WOULD THROW!

EVEN IN TABLE TENNIS, A PLAYER WITH KNOWLEDGE CAN HANDICAP THE AVERAGE HOME-CELLAR PLAYER TWENTY IN A TWENTY-ONE POINT GAME AND WIN! THE ASPIRANT, WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE AND PRACTICE, IS WITHOUT HOPE OF ACHIEVEMENT, UNLESS ANOTHER FORCE SUPPLEMENTS THE TWO, BUT THAT IS RARE AND MORE DIFFICULT!

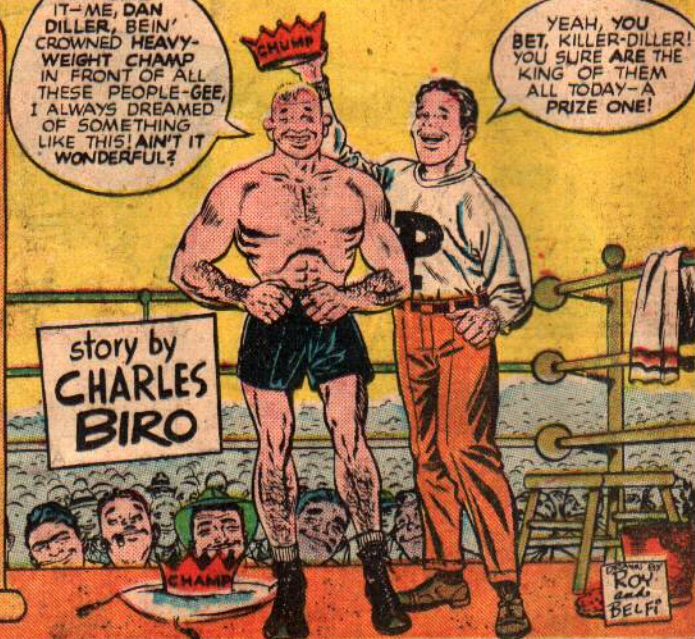
THIS STORY IS ABOUT A FIGHTER, WHO GOT THERE, BUT HE DID IT THE HARD WAY!

*Charles Biro*

IMAGINE IT—ME, DAN DILLER, BEIN' CROWNED HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMP IN FRONT OF ALL THESE PEOPLE—GEE, I ALWAYS DREAMED OF SOMETHING LIKE THIS! AIN'T IT WONDERFUL?

YEAH, YOU BET, KILLER-DILLER! YOU SURE ARE THE KING OF THEM ALL TODAY—A PRIZE ONE!

story by  
**CHARLES BIRO**



OKAY, YOU'RE THE BOSS—ONLY, TAKE IT EASY! YOU ALMOST GOT YOURSELF RUN OVER—WELL, SO LONG!





HE'S HERE!  
HEY, FELLERS—  
THAT'S HIM!  
HERE HE IS!

HURRY,  
JOEY—RING  
THE BELL!



BONG!  
BONG!

HA, HA! LOOK AT  
'IM SWING! WHAT  
A FIGHTER—  
HA, HA, HA!

USE YOUR  
RIGHT! HA,  
HA, HA!



CUT THAT OUT,  
YOU ROTTEN  
LITTLE PUNKS!

LEMME  
GO!

HEY—  
LAY  
OFF!



YOU OUGHT TO  
BE ASHAMED  
TEASING THE POOR  
GUY LIKE THAT! IF  
I CATCH YOU DOING  
THAT AGAIN, I'LL  
BEAN YOU ONE!

YOU'LL BEAN **NOBODY**!  
ANYWAY, WHAT DO  
YOU KNOW ABOUT  
IT? HE'S NOTHIN'  
BUT AN OLD,  
PUNCH-DRUNK, NO-  
GOOD FIGHTER!  
MIND YOUR OWN  
BUSINESS!

TOUCH ME,  
AN' I'LL GET MY  
BIG BRUDDER  
AFTER YA!



HEY FELLERS—  
SHUT UP, WILL  
YA! THIS GUY IS  
**CRIMEBUSTER**  
AN' THAT'S  
SQUEEKS, HIS  
MONKEY!

HECK, IF YOU SAY  
LEAVE HIM ALONE,  
IT'S OKAY BY US!  
ONLY, WE WEREN'T  
HURTIN' HIM  
ANY!

CRIMEBUSTER?

GOSH—  
CRIME-  
BUSTER?



GOLLY, **CRIME-  
BUSTER**, HOW'S  
ABOUT TELLIN' US  
A STORY, HUH? THE  
GUYS ON 79TH  
STREET SAID YOU TOLD  
'EM A SWELL YARN!  
WE COULD SIT ON  
THE BENCH OVER  
THERE!

WELL, OKAY—  
MAYBE A STORY  
WOULD MAKE  
YOU SEE WHY  
YOU SHOULDN'T  
TEASE HELP-  
LESS PEOPLE,  
OR ANY PEOPLE,  
FOR THAT  
MATTER!



I'LL HOLD SQUEEKS!  
HEY, VINCE—COME  
ON OVER! **CRIME-  
BUSTER'S** GONNA  
TELL US A  
STORY!

OH,  
BOY!

THIS IS A  
STORY ABOUT A  
CERTAIN FIGHTER!  
IT STARTS WAY  
BACK WHEN HE  
WAS JUST A KID  
IN SCHOOL! HIS  
NAME WAS **DAN**  
DILLER!



WAKE UP, **DAN**!  
I ASKED YOU A  
QUESTION—WHAT  
COUNTRIES  
FOUGHT IN THE  
WAR OF  
1812?

UH...THE  
NORTH AND  
SOUTH?

HA, HA—  
DOPEY  
**DAN** IS  
ALWAYS IN A  
FOG!

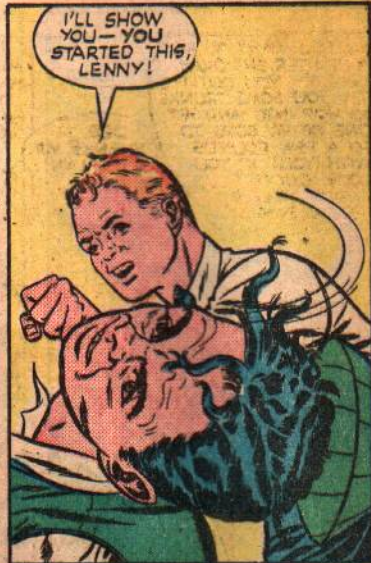


HI, DOPEY  
**DAN**! WHAT  
ARE YOU DAY-  
DREAMIN' ABOUT  
NOW?

WHO  
WANTS  
TO PLAY  
CATCH?

HI, LENNY—  
HEY, COME  
BACK HERE  
WITH THAT  
HAT!





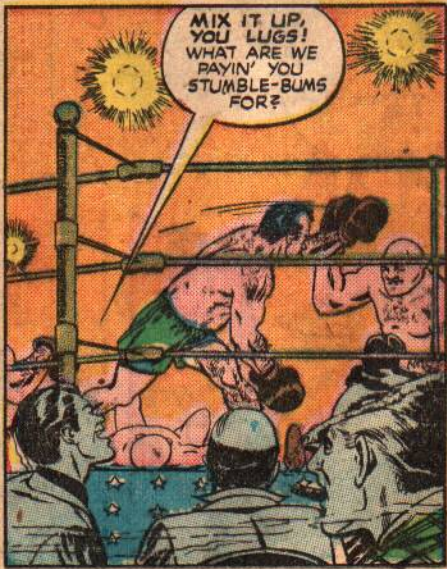
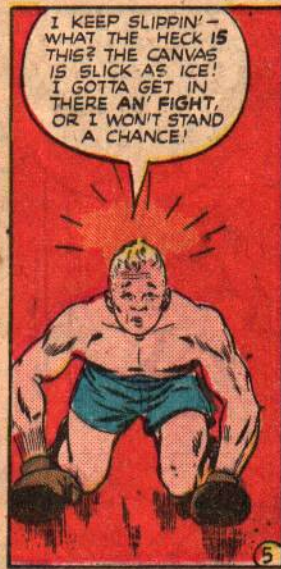
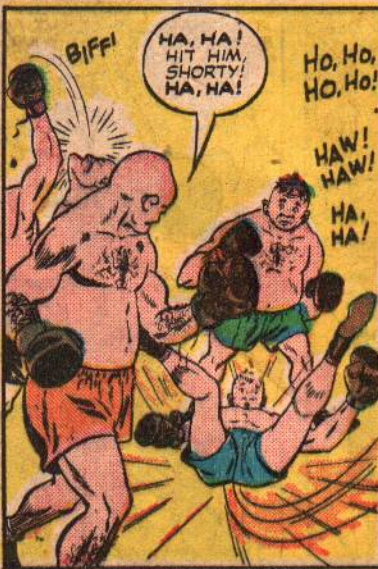
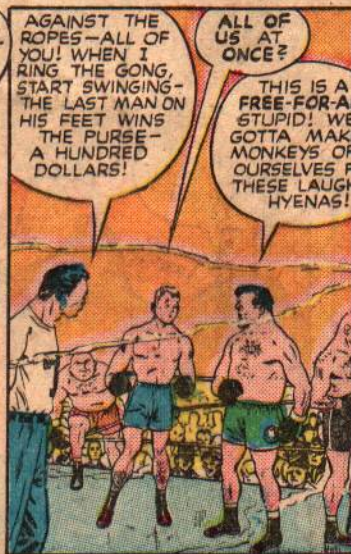




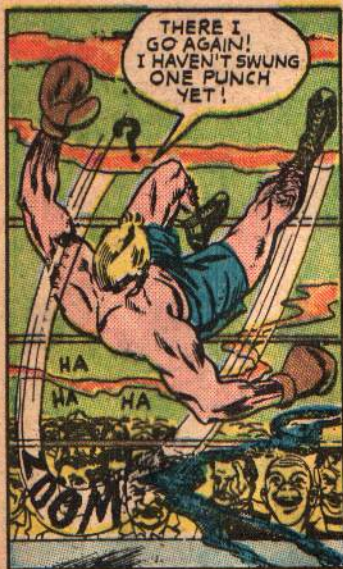




WHY, YOU BUM-A FREE-FOR-ALL, EH? HAS-BEEN FIGHTERS, EH? LOOK, WE DON'T GO IN FOR THAT STUFF! WE HANDLE LEGITIMATE FIGHTERS ONLY! TELL YOUR BLOOD-THIRSTY MEMBERS TO CUT THEIR OWN THROATS!







THERE I GO AGAIN!  
I HAVEN'T SWUNG  
ONE PUNCH  
YET!



I'LL SHOW  
THESE GUYS  
IF IT KILLS  
ME!

C'MON,  
UP AN' AT  
'EM, KID!  
HA, HA!

THERE'S  
ONLY TWO  
LEFT!



HOLY SMOKE! THE  
OLD GUY MISSED,  
AN' SOCKED THE  
REF! WOW—  
HA, HA!

UGH!!

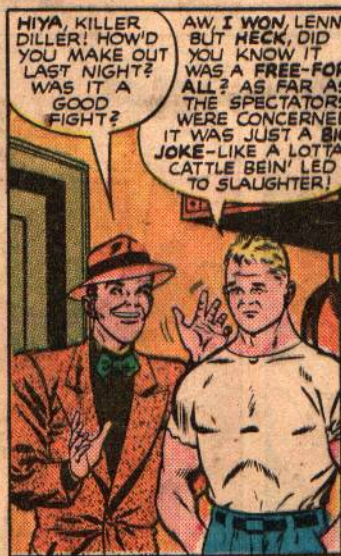
OOPS!  
EXCUSE,  
ME!



BOOO!!  
YAAA!!

YOU...YOU BUM!  
YOU'RE DISQUALIFIED!  
AN' YOU, KID, WHAT-  
EVER YOUR NAME  
IS, YOU'RE THE  
WINNAH!

HISS..  
HISS..



HIYA, KILLER  
DILLER! HOW'D  
YOU MAKE OUT  
LAST NIGHT?  
WAS IT A  
GOOD  
FIGHT?

AW, I WON, LENNY,  
BUT HECK, DID  
YOU KNOW IT  
WAS A FREE-FOR-  
ALL? AS FAR AS  
THE SPECTATORS  
WERE CONCERNED,  
IT WAS JUST A BIG  
JOKE-LIKE A LOTTA  
CATTLE BEIN' LED  
TO SLAUGHTER!



YOU WON??  
HOLY SMOKE—  
NO, KIDDING,  
KILLER! I DIDN'T  
KNOW THAT, BUT  
WHAT THE HECK—  
WHY SHOULD  
YOU CARE? YOU  
WON, DIDN'T  
YOU? HOW DID  
YOU EVER  
DO IT?

IT WAS THE EASIEST  
DOUGH I EVER  
EARNED—A HUNDRED  
BUCKS, AN' LOOK, I  
WANT TO SPLIT IT  
WITH YOU FOR  
GETTIN' ME THE  
CHANCE!



SPLIT? I  
WOULDN'T  
DREAM OF IT—  
WHERE'S THE  
FIFTY? I'M  
JUST TAKING  
IT SO AS NOT  
TO HURT YOUR  
FEELINGS!

HERE—  
AND THANKS  
AGAIN FOR  
BEIN' A  
PAL!



QUIET, BOYS! HERE'S THE SCHEDULE  
FOR THE FIGHTS AT TEDLEY'S  
ARENA NEXT FRIDAY NIGHT! I STILL  
HAVE ONE SPOT TO FILL—GOT ANY  
SUGGESTIONS? LENNY, HOW ABOUT  
THAT FRIEND OF YOURS, DILLER?  
YOU SAID HE WON THAT FREE-  
FOR-ALL! MAYBE I COULD GIVE  
HIM A BREAK—JUST FOR THE  
MONEY! HE'S A GOOD KID!



DILLER?  
WHY THAT  
BUM DON'T  
KNOW A LEFT  
HOOK FROM A  
HOLE IN THE  
WALL! HE  
CAN'T  
FIGHT!

WHY, LENNY, I  
THOUGHT HE  
WAS YOUR  
PAL!

SO! I CAN'T  
FIGHT, HUH?  
I'LL SHOW THAT  
DOUBLE-CROSSER  
WHAT I CAN DO!  
A FINE PAL HE  
IS! HE'S SCHEDULED  
TO SPAR WITH  
HICKEY IN HALF  
AN HOUR—I'LL  
FIX HIS  
WAGON!





YOU! HA, HA! THAT'S A BIG JOKE! THE GREAT KILLER-DILLER! AREN'T YOU AFRAID YOU MIGHT KILL ME WITH THAT MURDEROUS RIGHT? AREN'T YOU GOING TO DRESS FOR THE OCCASION? OKAY, SUCKER, C'MON IN AND FIGHT!



HEY, WHAT KIND OF SPARRING IS THAT?

HEY, COOL OFF, YOU GUYS!



HE KNOCKED LENNY OUT!

THE GUYS LOCO! GRAB HIM!

ANYBODY ELSE AROUND HERE SAY I CAN'T FIGHT?



GET AWAY FROM ME ALL OF YA, BEFORE I KILL SOMEBODY!



OH, NOW IT'S YOU! GOOD-BYE, MILLMAN! I DON'T CARE WHETHER I CAN FIGHT OR NOT! I'M LEAVIN' YOUR CRUMMY JOINT! I'M FED UP WITH BEING LAUGHED AT BY A LOT OF PHONY BIG SHOTS!

MAYBE IT'S YOU THAT'S OUT OF LINE! DID YOU CONSIDER THAT?



WAIT A MINUTE, DILLER. COME BACK IN HERE - I WANNA TALK TO YOU!

LEGGO- OR I'LL SLUG YOU, TOO!

MILLMAN GYM  
BOXING PROMOTO



I SAW YOU PUNCH HIM! YOU'RE COMING WITH ME! ARE YOU OKAY, MR. MILLMAN?

SURE, I'M OKAY AND LEAVE HIM ALONE - WE'RE JUST HAVIN' A FRIENDLY CHAT!



I WAS ALL WRONG ABOUT YOU, DILLER! YOU'RE A TERRIFIC FIGHTER! COME BACK AND I'LL GIVE YOU THE BEST SPOT ON THE CARD FOR THIS FRIDAY NIGHTS FIGHT! NOW WHAT DO YOU SAY?

ON THE LEVEL? THIS ISN'T ANOTHER GAG, IS IT?



ALL RIGHT, I'LL GO BACK ON ONE CONDITION! IF YOU PROMISE TO SEE THAT I GET SOME GOOD TRAINING FROM NOW ON! THAT'S ALL I NEED, REAL TRAINING! I WANNA LEARN HOW TO BOX! I DON'T WANNA END UP CUTTING PAPER DOLLS, BECAUSE I DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO DUCK!

I PROMISE! ANYTHING YOU SAY, KID. ONLY TAKE IT FROM ME, YOU'RE A NATURAL! YOU DON'T NEED NOTHIN!



NOW LIS...N, FLYNN! I PROMISED DILLER A TRAINER-AND YOU'RE HIS CHOICE! SO OKAY-YOU TRAIN HIM-ONLY! DON'T REALLY TEACH HIM ANYTHING! THE GUY WILL NEVER LEARN TO BOX! HE DON'T NEED TO, IF WE CAN GET HIM MAD ENOUGH AT EVERY FIGHT TO JUST SLUG AWAY! THE CUSTOMERS WANT COLOR, NOT BOXING TALENT!



BUT DON'T YOU THINK HE OUGHT TO LEARN HOW TO PROTECT HIMSELF AT LEAST?

THAT'S OKAY, BUT NOTHING FANCY! HE CAN TAKE TERRIFIC PUNISHMENT AND STILL STAY ON HIS FEET-IT TAKES A COOL HEAD TO COVER UP-AND WITH A COOL HEAD HE CAN'T FIGHT, HE'S GOT TO BE CRAZY MAD-THEN HE'S A DEMON!

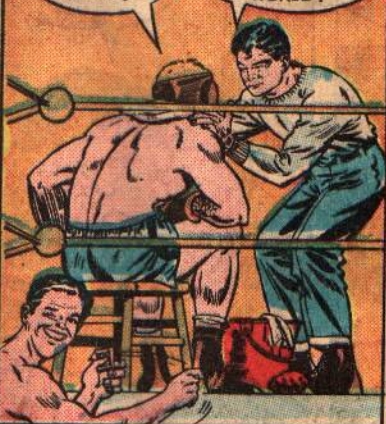


KID HIM ALONG-pretend to teach him-AND ALL THE TIME, KEEP FEEDING HIM A LOT OF HOOEY, ABOUT HOW TWO-FACED MOST FIGHTERS ARE, AN' HOW FIGHT FANS THINK MOST FIGHTERS ARE A BIG JOKE! TRY AND GET HIM WORKED INTO A MAD MOOD EVERY CHANCE YOU GET!



GEE, FLYNN, AM I REALLY IN SHAPE FOR THE FIGHT FRIDAY? HOW ABOUT MY FOOT-WORK?

KID, YOU'RE A NATURAL! JUST SO LONG AS BUCKY DUNN FIGHTS CLEAN, YOU AIN'T GOT A WORRY IN THE WORLD!



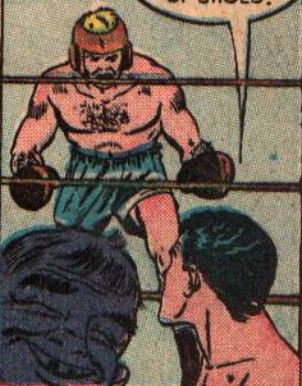
YOU MEAN HE'S A DIRTY FIGHTER... OW W!

HA, HA, HA! SOME FOOT-WORK, DILLER!



WHO GAVE ME THAT HOT-FOOT? WHO, WHO?

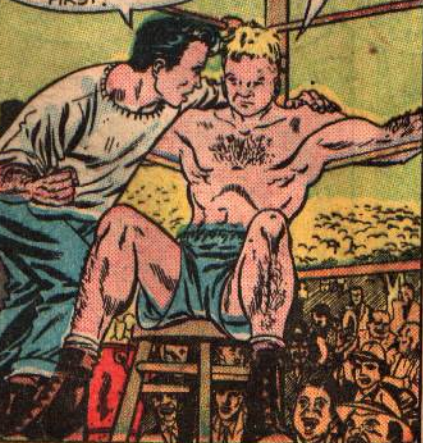
GEE, DILLER, THE GUYS AROUND HERE SURE HAVE A ROTTEN SENSE OF HUMOR! THEY PULLED THAT STUNT ON ME, TOO, AN RUINED A GOOD PAIR OF SHOES!



FRIDAY FIGHT!

NOW REMEMBER, DILLER- JUST GET IN THERE AND FIGHT! HE'S OUT TO GET YOU- YOU GET HIM FIRST!

I'LL DO MY BEST!



I CAN'T STAND TO LOOK! WHAT HOLDS DILLER UP? IF ONLY BUCKY WOULD FOUL HIM OR SOMETHING, THE KID MIGHT GET MAD!

NOT MUCH CHANCE OF THAT! BUCKY'S A CLEAN FIGHTER! THERE'S NO TWO WAYS ABOUT IT, DILLER IS A FLOP! LIKE YOU SAID, HE CAN ONLY FIGHT IF HE'S BOILIN' MAD... WHICH HE AINT!



THEN WE HAVE TO MAKE HIM MAD! IF WE COULD ONLY GET HIM LAUGHED AT! WAIT! I THINK I'VE GOT IT!

HEY, ROSALIE- GIVE ME YOUR LIPSTICK... QUICK!

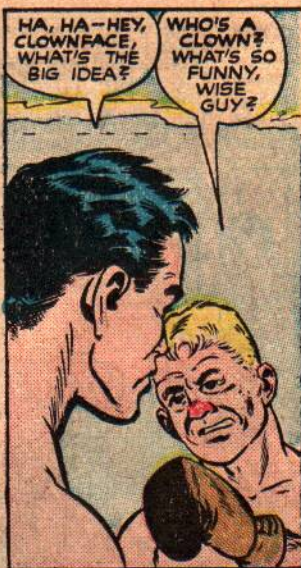






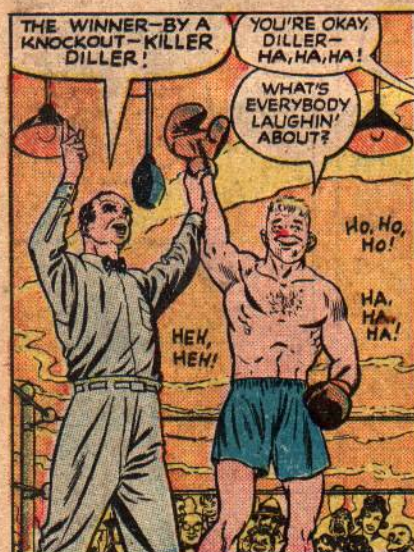
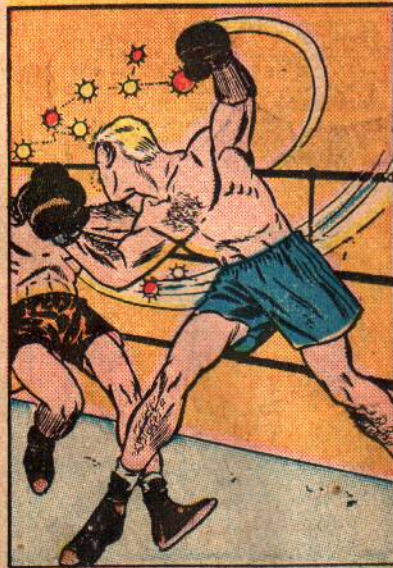
HOW AM I DOIN'?

TO BE HONEST, LOUSY, KID—YOU'RE LETTING THAT BUCKY DUNN MAKE A MONKEY OUT OF YOU! HERE, LEMME WIPE YOUR NOSE—LEAN BACK!



HA, HA—HEY, CLOWNFACE, WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

WHO'S A CLOWN? WHAT'S SO FUNNY, WISE GUY?



THE WINNER—BY A KNOCKOUT—KILLER DILLER!

YOU'RE OKAY, DILLER—HA, HA, HA!

WHAT'S EVERYBODY LAUGHIN' ABOUT?

HO, HO, HO!

HA, HA, HA!



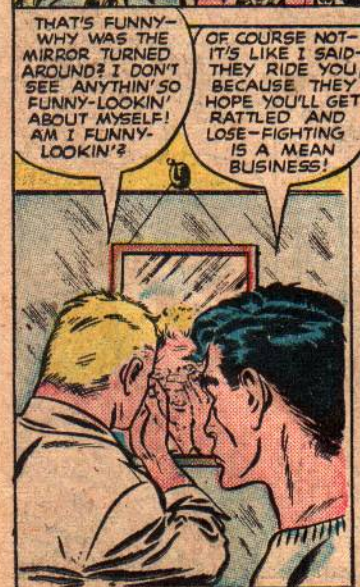
EVEN WHEN I WON, THEY LAUGHED AT ME—WHY? COMIN' OUTTA THE RING, AN' ALL THE WAY TO THE DRESSIN' ROOM, THEY LAUGHED!

LIE BACK AND SHUT UP—THAT'S FIGHT FANS FOR YOU—YOU GOTTA WIN AN' WIN AN' WIN BEFORE THEY TREAT YOU DECENT!



WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME, ANYWAY? HEY, GO EASY ON MY FACE!

YEAH, YEAH, I HAF TA WIPE IT OFF WITH ALCOHOL—CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE ON SOME LITTLE CUT GETTIN' INFECTED!



THAT'S FUNNY—WHY WAS THE MIRROR TURNED AROUND? I DON'T SEE ANYTHIN' SO FUNNY—LOOKIN' ABOUT MYSELF! AM I FUNNY—LOOKIN'?

OF COURSE NOT—IT'S LIKE I SAID—THEY RIDE YOU, BECAUSE THEY HOPE YOU'LL GET RATTLED AND LOSE—FIGHTING IS A MEAN BUSINESS!



A WEEK LATER...

IF ONLY THE CROWD WOULD BOO HIM, BUT THEY ADMIRE THE DUMB PALOOKA'S ABILITY TO TAKE IT!

OKAY, MR. MIRACLE MAN—YOU'D BETTER DREAM UP SOME KIND OF A GAG TO GET A LAUGH FAST! THERE'S ONLY TWO ROUNDS TO GO! DILLER'S BEEN NOTHIN' BUT A PUNCHIN' BAG FOR GORILLA IVES SO FAR!



THE REF WILL STOP THE FIGHT FOR SURE IN THE NEXT ROUND, UNLESS HE WAKES UP! I REALLY FEEL SORRY FOR THE KID!

SO DO I! HEY, I HAVE IT! WHAT I NEED IS A HUNK OF PAPER, AND A GREASE PENCIL—IT MAY WORK!









CAN YOU HEAR ME, DILLER? IT'S ROUND SIX! C'MON, SNAP OUT OF IT, PLOW INTO HIM! OTHERWISE IT'S CURTAINS TO THAT SWELL HOME YOU'RE SO HEPPED UP ABOUT!

I'M DOIN' MY BEST, FLYNN! I'M TRYIN' HARD! HEY, WHATCHA DOIN' TO MY SHOES, MILLMAN?

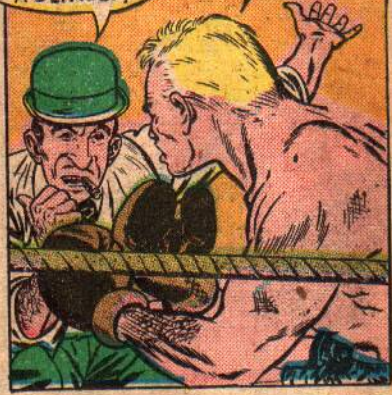


I NOTICED YOUR FOOTWORK WAS FUNNY IN THE RING, KID - AND I WONDERED WHY - AN' LOOKIT! NO WONDER, THERE'S VASELINE ON YOUR SHOES!

HUH - VASELINE! HOW DID THAT GET THERE?

WHO ELSE WOULD PUT IT ON THE SOLES OF YOUR SHOES BUT THOSE DIRTY BUMS! THEY WERE SCARED YOU'D WIN THE FIGHT FAIR, SO THEY TRIED TO FIX YOU - I'LL SHOW THEM... I'LL TELL THE REF! HE'LL DISQUALIFY HIM IN A MINUTE! YOU'LL WIN BY A DEFAULT!

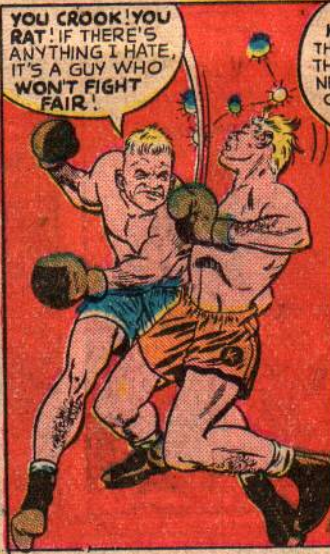
NO! DON'TCHA DO IT! I CAN LICK THAT GUY WITH MY OWN TWO FISTS! JUST LEMME AT HIM! THE DIRTY, BACK-STABBIN' WEASEL! I'LL KILL 'IM!



WHAT'S THE IDEA? I SAW YOU PUT THAT VASELINE ON HIS SHOES! AIN'T HE DOING BAD ENOUGH AS IT IS?

SHUT UP! I'LL TELL YOU WHY I DID IT! LATER! IT GOT RESULTS, DIDN'T IT? LOOK, HE'S MAD AS A WET HEN!

FOLKS, IT'S AMAZING! AS IN THE PAST, DILLER HAS BEGUN TO FIGHT LIKE A MADMAN!



YOU CROOK! YOU RAT! IF THERE'S ANYTHING I HATE, IT'S A GUY WHO WON'T FIGHT FAIR!

BY A KNOCKOUT IN THE SIXTH ROUND, THE WINNER AND NEW MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMPION, KILLER DILLER!



WHEE!

ATTABOY, KILLER!

HOORAY, HOORAY!



DILLER SURE IS ACES WITH ME! AT FIRST I THOUGHT IT WAS JUST TALK, BUT HE DID SPEND ALL HIS DOUGH ON THAT HOME FOR EX-FIGHTERS! HE NAMED IT THE RING! AN' IT'LL BE FINISHED NEXT WEEK! THAT GUY IS A REAL CHAMP! I THINK WE OUGHT TO GIVE HIM A REAL SUPER-DUPER BANQUET TO SHOW HIM THAT THE FIGHTING WORLD REALLY APPRECIATES HIM! WHAT A GUY!

HE'LL LOVE THAT! IT'S A SWELL IDEA! WE COULD THROW IT AT THE TIME OF THE OPENING, TO SORT OF DEDICATE IT!



A BANQUET FOR ME? GEE, MR. MILLMAN, I NEVER WENT TO A BANQUET! \$GULD\$ THAT'S REALLY WONDERFUL!

EVERYONE WILL BE THERE! SPORTS WRITERS, ALL THE FOLKS FROM THE BOXING WORLD! THEY WANT TO HONOR YOU, BECAUSE THEY THINK YOU'RE A REAL, ALL ROUND CHAMP... AND SO DO I!



WHAT A SWELL PLACE! DILLER REALLY WENT ALL OUT ON THIS HOME! BOWLING ALLEYS, SWIMMING POOL! EVERYTHING A GUY COULD WANT!









The End

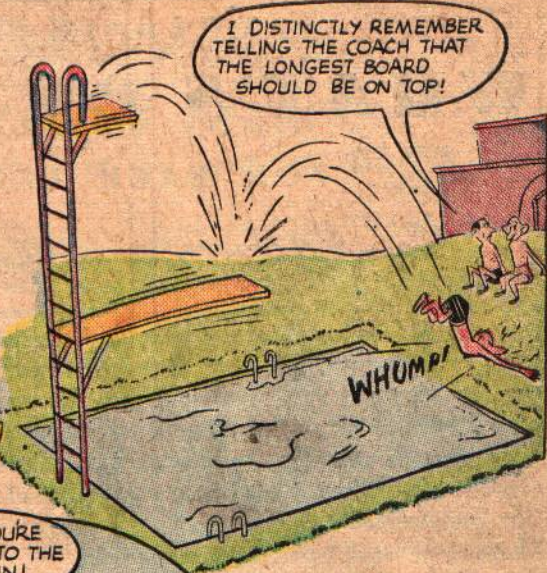
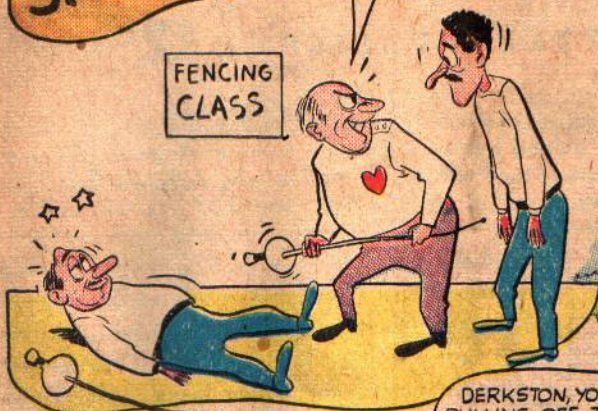


# SPORT SNORTERS

FENCING CLASS

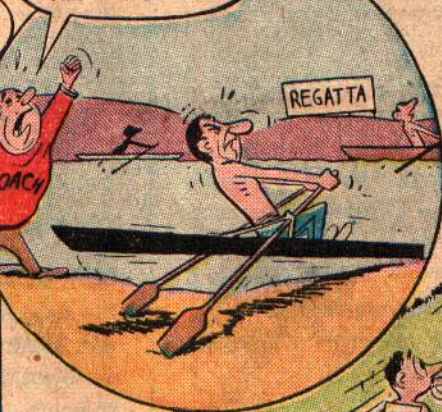
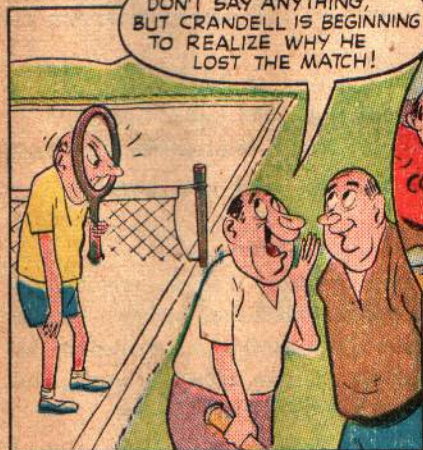
IT MAY NOT BE GOOD FORM, BUT I WON, DIDN'T I?

I DISTINCTLY REMEMBER TELLING THE COACH THAT THE LONGEST BOARD SHOULD BE ON TOP!



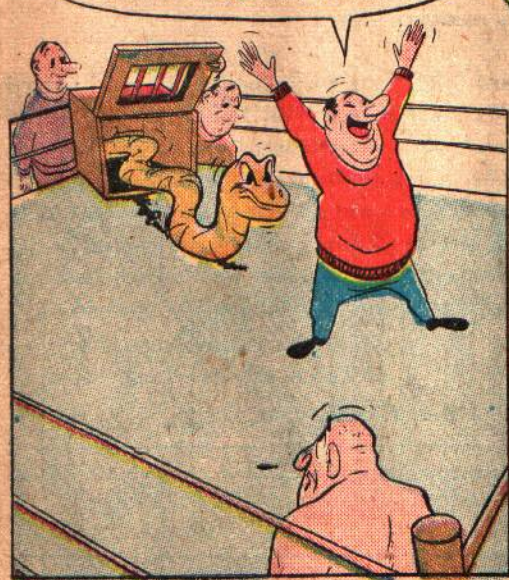
DON'T SAY ANYTHING, BUT CRANDELL IS BEGINNING TO REALIZE WHY HE LOST THE MATCH!

DERKSTON, YOU'RE PULLING OFF TO THE RIGHT AGAIN!

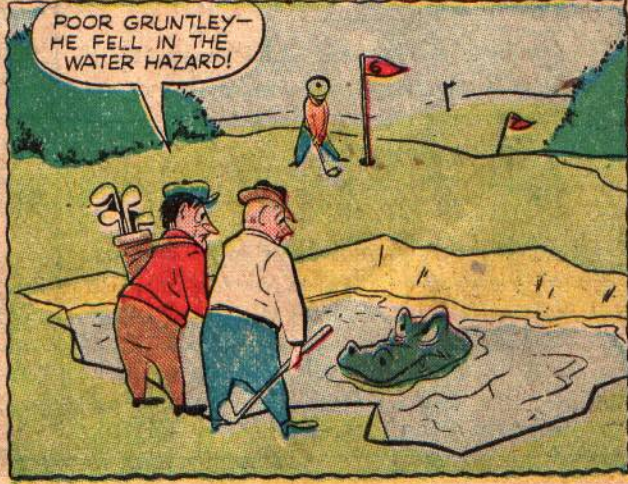


REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE, ISN'T IT?

AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE TAKE PLEASURE IN PRESENTING SOMETHING NEW IN WRESTLING MATCHES!



POOR GRUNTLEY—HE FELL IN THE WATER HAZARD!





THIS IS YOUR PAGE

# WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

**\$2<sup>00</sup>** FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED **\$2<sup>00</sup>**.

Dear Reader:

In every issue of BOY COMICS this page is devoted to your opinions, ideas and suggestions. Since the conception of BOY COMICS we have been guided by two ideals—first, the eradication of crime, and second, to give credit to the fearless detectives and officers of the law who daily risk their lives that you and we may live in a more lawful society.

CHARLES BIRO and BOB WOOD, Editors

At last! A really intelligent approach to the problem of juvenile delinquency! Preaching and moralizing are wasted on some boys, but you've actually enlisted their imaginations in behalf of that long-delayed better world.

I have three small boys, and I salute you!

Enthusiastically yours, Mrs. Cathering Vaughan  
Box 515, Dumas, Arkansas

*Orchids from us to an intelligent mother.*

I am eleven years old and my dad is the sheriff of our town. He keeps his eye on the bookstore to watch for BOY and other Charles Biro comics. My mother also reads them when she can.

Sincerely, Bobby G. Camp  
Bokoshe, Oklahoma

*Could Crimebuster get a better recommendation?*

Thanks to BOY comics, I was able to receive the highest possible mark for my composition about Crimebuster, the boy fighter of crime. To my delight, I had the privilege of reciting that same composition at our declamation.

A thankful reader, Bernard Levine  
40 Tennis Road, Mattapan 26, Mass.

*You win again!*

BOY comics is my favorite and I would like it very much if you had a radio program about Crimebuster and Squeeks on Saturday afternoon or any weekday evening.

Sincerely, Joan Malasko  
73-36 187 St. Flushing, Long Island

*Crimebuster owes his popularity to his distinct style of presentation. He might lose it in a different medium. We like the bird in the hand.*

It usually takes my busy mother a week to read anything from a telegram to the weekly comics, but when I handed her a BOY comics for the first time, she read it in an hour. If my mother takes to liking a comic that much, it MUST be good. Keep the stories long and interesting as you have them now, and they're tops with me (and Mom).

A Constant reader of Crimebuster,  
Edward Evers, Rancho Lodos Santos  
Box 152, Rt. No. 1, Watsonville, California

*Your letter was also read with undivided attention.*

BOY comics are the best. I think yours is about the only magazine who leaves fantastic characters alone and gives us the entertainment that we thought about when we waited for our number to come up on a Jerry bomb. Thanks!

Yours truly, D. Ford  
95, St. James's Cres., Brixton  
London, England

*Fantasy can be as exciting and thrilling when imaginatively done*

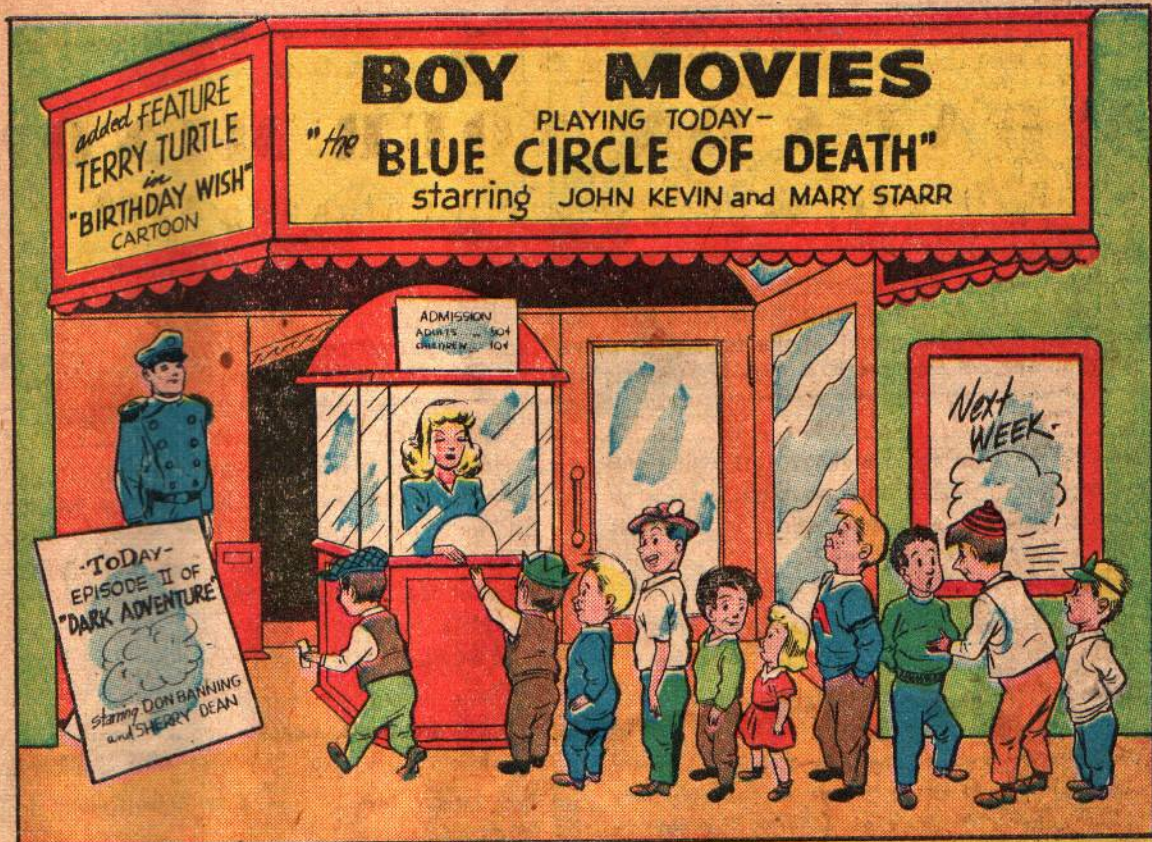
I have read many comic magazines, but I regard BOY comics as one of my three favorites. It not only provides wholesome entertainment, but also teaches a lesson. America's big three—honesty, fair play, and good sportsmanship, form the basis of its stories. If every child in the United States would read this magazine, we would be assured of a future generation of upright citizens.

An ardent reader, John Chatalian  
60 Lowell St., Lawrence, Mass.

*Thank you, Mr. Upright Citizen.*

Please try to limit letters to about 50 words. All letters become the property of Lev Gleason Publications, Inc., and we reserve the right to edit same. Address all letters to BOY COMICS, 114 East 32 Street, New York 16, N. Y.



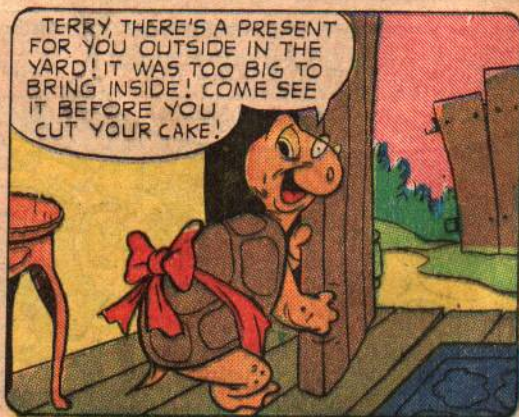
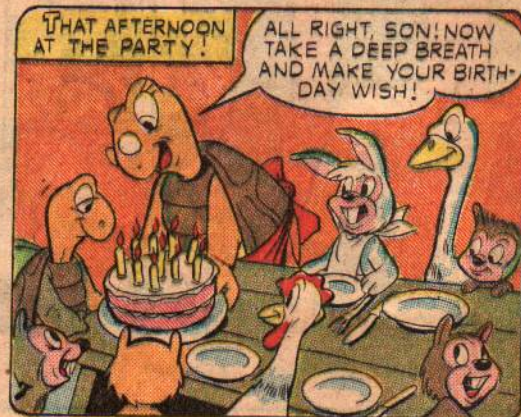
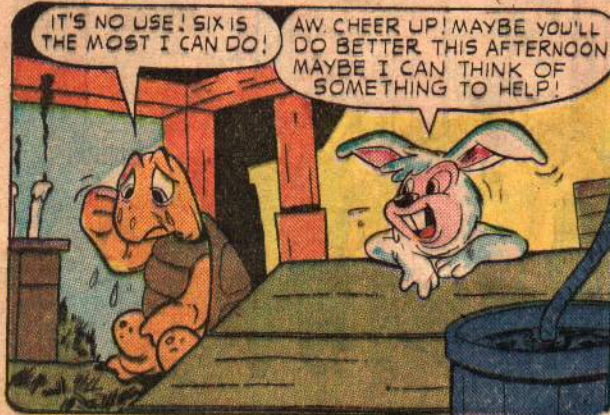
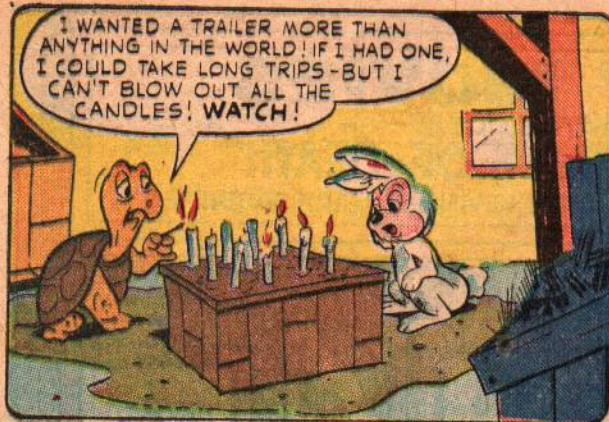


**BOY MOVIES**  
*presents*  
**TERRY the TURTLE**  
*in*  
**"BIRTHDAY WISH"**

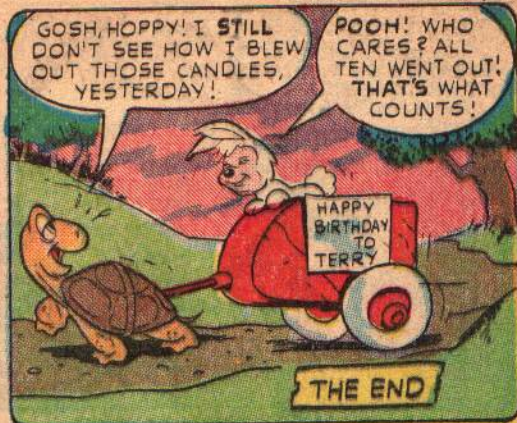
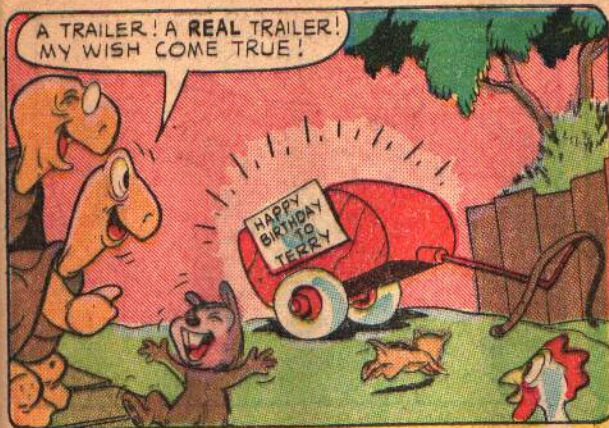
written by.....JOSEPH CRANDALL  
 backgrounds by.....STANLEY DAVIS  
 animation by.....BOB PERRY











EPISODE II of

# "DARK ADVENTURE"

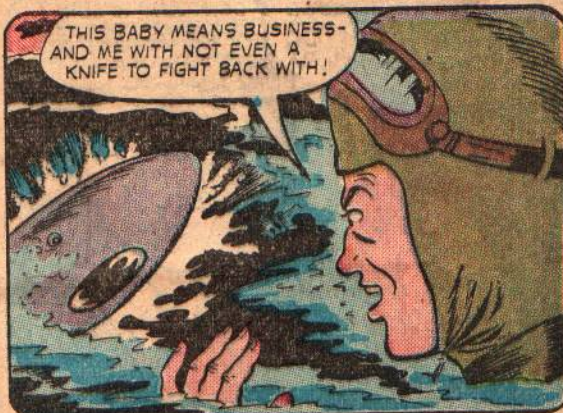
Starring  
**DON BANNING**  
as  
**DICK LANE**

SHERRY DEAN  
as  
MARIE DUMONT

MARK HILL  
as  
JOE LANE

Written by Steve Cranford  
Drawn by Irving Watt

LAST MONTH: DICK, UPON RECEIVING A TELEGRAM FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT STATING THAT HIS MISSING BROTHER, JOE, WAS THOUGHT TO BE ALIVE ON LEALAHIA ISLAND, SET OUT IN QUEST OF HIM IN HIS PLANE! WITHIN A FEW MILES OF THE ISLAND HE RAN INTO A FURIOUS STORM AND CRASH-LANDED UPON A REEF—THROWN HELPLESSLY INTO THE SEA, DICK WAS CONFRONTED WITH A MAN-EATING SHARK!

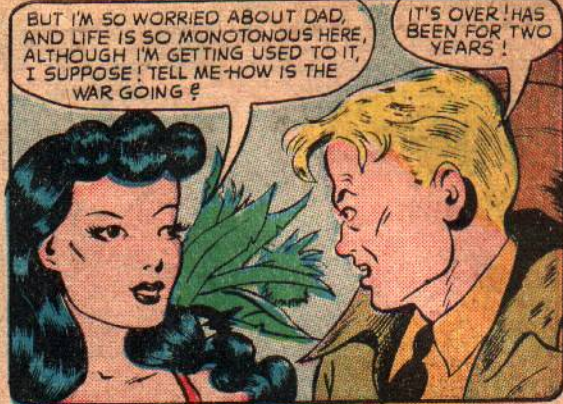






SO THIS IS LEALAHIA...WHAT A BREAK! MY BROTHER, JOE, IS SUPPOSEDLY LOST SOMEWHERE ON THE ISLAND. BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

DAD AND I WERE SHIP-WRECKED HERE IN 1941! HE WAS CAPTURED AND TAKEN AWAY SHORTLY AFTER THE WAR BROKE OUT! THEY DIDN'T FIND ME, SO I'VE BEEN LIVING HERE EVER SINCE! I MADE FRIENDS WITH THE NATIVES, WHO HAVE TREATED ME FINE!



BUT I'M SO WORRIED ABOUT DAD, AND LIFE IS SO MONOTONOUS HERE, ALTHOUGH I'M GETTING USED TO IT, I SUPPOSE! TELL ME HOW IS THE WAR GOING?

IT'S OVER! HAS BEEN FOR TWO YEARS!



OVER! THAT'S BOTH GOOD AND BAD... BY BAD I MEAN- IF DAD WERE ALRIGHT, HE'D HAVE COME BACK HERE FOR ME!

DON'T JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS- THIS SECTION OF THE PACIFIC IS CLUTTERED WITH ISLANDS...



...IT'S VERY LIKELY THAT IN FOUR YEARS HE COULD HAVE FORGOTTEN THE LOCATION OF THIS ISLAND! SAY... TELL ME MORE ABOUT THE NATIVES HERE!

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT DAD! THE NATIVES... THEY'RE OKAY... QUITE LEERY OF STRANGERS, THOUGH! IF IT WEREN'T FOR THEM, I'D PROBABLY HAVE PERISHED!



WHAT WAS THAT?

QUICK! HIDE... IT'S SOME NATIVES! THEY MUSTN'T FIND YOU HERE- NOT 'TIL I'VE CONVINCED THEM THAT YOU'RE OKAY! I'LL TELL THEM SOMETHING, MAYBE THAT YOU WERE SENT HERE BY MY FATHER!



MAKE IT GOOD, MARIE, THOSE GUYS LOOK VICIOUS!

YOU JUST STAY PUT, I'LL HANDLE THEM!



LANUA! ENAV! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I THOUGHT YOU WERE FISHING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND!

HEARD VOICE- CAME TO SEE IF OUR GODDESS WAS SAFE!



VOICES? YOU MUST HAVE IMAGINED IT! PERHAPS IT WAS THE WAVES WASHING UP ON THE BEACH! I'VE BEEN HERE ALL ALONE!

?





WHAT WILL HAPPEN  
TO DICK?

DON'T MISS EPISODE III of  
THIS THRILLING SERIES!

**"DARK ADVENTURE"**

**FEATURE ATTRACTION**

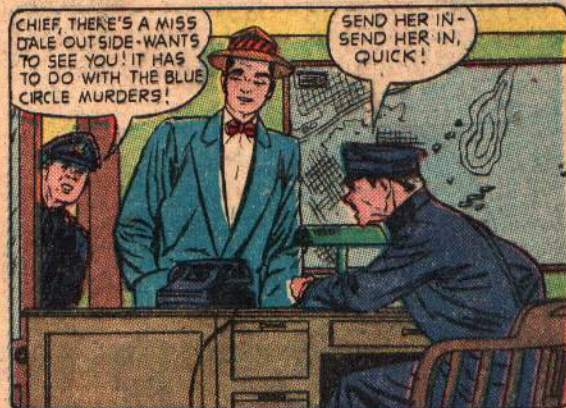
**"the BLUE CIRCLE of DEATH"**

*in technicolor*

starring **JOHN KEVIN**  
as **DIRK STEEL**

**MARY STARR** as **EVE DALE**

written by V. Hubbell Drawn by Roy & Belfy







YOU SEE THESE OTHER MEN WERE ALL FRIENDS OF MY FATHER-MY STEP-FATHER, THAT IS! THAT'S WHY I'M SO SCARED! THERE IS A PATTERN TO THESE MURDERS, BUT WHAT IT IS I DON'T KNOW AND I'M AFRAID TO SPEAK TO DAD ABOUT IT!



I'M DETECTIVE STEEL, MISS DALE! TRY TO ACT AS IF YOU KNOW NOTHING! I'LL VISIT YOU THIS EVENING SO THAT I CAN PROTECT YOUR FATHER, IF HE IS IN DANGER! WHEN I COME, INTRODUCE ME AS YOUR FRIEND!

THAT'S AWFULLY KIND OF YOU, MR. STEEL - HOW ABOUT DINNER? SHALL WE SAY AROUND EIGHT?



EVE - WHERE'S THAT GREY SUIT OF MINE?

THE GREY SUIT? I-I SENT IT TO THE 'CLEANERS', DAD!



SENT IT TO THE CLEANERS! BUT IN THE POCKETS-DID YOU FIND ANYTHING?

I...I, YES, I DID, DAD-I FOUND THE NOTE YOU GOT FROM THE BLUE CIRCLE! OH, DAD, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME! WHY DID YOU TRY TO KEEP ME FROM KNOWING YOU WERE IN DANGER?



YOU READ THE NOTE SO YOU SHOULD KNOW THE RISK IS TOO GREAT! BUT DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT ME! I'M WELL ARMED! THE BLUE CIRCLE WILL NEVER HARM ME!

BUT, DAD-WHO IS THE BLUE CIRCLE? WHAT IS IT ALL ABOUT? THE POLICE SHOULD...



R-R-RING!

CALM YOURSELF, EVE! STOP THINKING ABOUT IT! IT'S A PERSONAL MATTER-ONE THAT NO OUTSIDER CAN HELP OUT WITH-LEAST OF ALL, THE POLICE!



WHO-WHO IS THAT?

OH, I FORGOT TO TELL YOU-AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE, MR. STEEL, IS HAVING DINNER WITH US TONIGHT!



THIS IS A REAL TREAT-HAVING A HOME COOKED MEAL-I'M SORRY YOUR MOTHER'S NOT HERE, TOO! I'D LIKE TO HAVE...

MOTHER IS DEAD! THERE'S JUST FATHER AND MYSELF!

I'M SURPRISED YOU DIDN'T KNOW, MR. STEEL! EVE SAID YOU WERE AN OLD FRIEND! WELL, NICE MEETING YOU-I MUST RUN ALONG NOW!





FATHER, YOU'RE NOT GOING OUT ALONE! LET MR. STEEL AND ME GO WITH YOU!

QUITE UNNECESSARY, MY DEAR! I'M JUST GOING OUT FOR THE PAPERS! YOU BE A GOOD HOSTESS AND STAY WITH YOUR GUEST! I'M SURE HE'D PREFER THAT!



HURRY, MR. STEEL, HE JUST TURNED THE CORNER!

GOOD-LET'S GET MOVING!



HE WENT DOWN THIS ALLEY! SAY-THERE'S A COMMO-TION IN THERE! HURRY OR HE'LL BE KILLED!

LOOK! A BLUE CIRCLE OF LIGHT! WHY IT LOOKS LIKE A FASHLIGHT-YOU WAIT HERE!



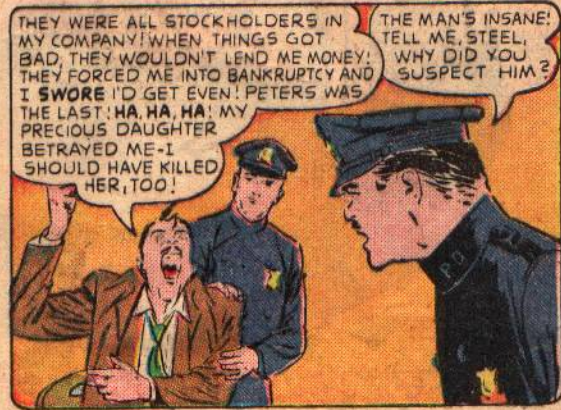
PETERS, YOU DIRTY G@#!! I'LL.. UGH!!

NOT SO FAST, MR. DALE!



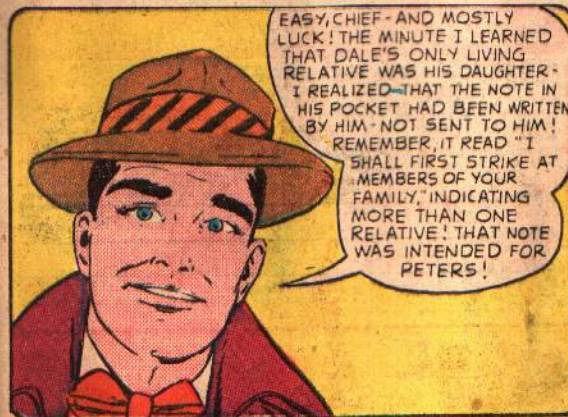
JUST AS I THOUGHT! YOU'RE THE BLUE CIRCLE KILLER! C'MON, DALE! WE'RE GOING DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS!

FATHER! OH, NO! WHY WOULD YOU WANT TO KILL MR. PETERS.. HE WAS A FRIEND OF YOURS?



THEY WERE ALL STOCKHOLDERS IN MY COMPANY! WHEN THINGS GOT BAD, THEY WOULDN'T LEND ME MONEY! THEY FORCED ME INTO BANKRUPTCY AND I SWORE I'D GET EVEN! PETERS WAS THE LAST! HA, HA, HA! MY PRECIOUS DAUGHTER BETRAYED ME-I SHOULD HAVE KILLED HER, TOO!

THE MAN'S INSANE! TELL ME, STEEL, WHY DID YOU SUSPECT HIM?



EASY, CHIEF- AND MOSTLY LUCK! THE MINUTE I LEARNED THAT DALE'S ONLY LIVING RELATIVE WAS HIS DAUGHTER- I REALIZED-THAT THE NOTE IN HIS POCKET HAD BEEN WRITTEN BY HIM- NOT SENT TO HIM! REMEMBER, IT READ "I SHALL FIRST STRIKE AT MEMBERS OF YOUR FAMILY," INDICATING MORE THAN ONE RELATIVE! THAT NOTE WAS INTENDED FOR PETERS!



I'M SORRY WE HAD TO MEET THIS WAY, EVE! AS FOR YOUR STEP FATHER, HE'S ILL, AND PROBABLY WILL END UP IN A MENTAL INSTITUTION! DON'T BLAME YOURSELF!

H-HE'D BEEN ACTING STRANGE FOR MONTHS! I'M GLAD YOU STOPPED HIM BEFORE HE KILLED ANOTHER INNOCENT PERSON! AND-AND I DO HOPE WE WILL MEET AGAIN, MR. STEEL!

The End

COMING  
ATTRACTI-  
ONS-

IN THE NEXT ISSUE-  
"WILDERNESS TOWN"-  
STARRING STANLEY STONE  
AND JOAN VALE

CHAPTER III OF  
"DARK ADVENTURE"  
ANIMATED CARTOON  
"HAYSEED"



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**NEW! DIFFERENT! SENSATIONAL!**  
Here's **BEAUTY!** Here's **ACTION!**  
Here's the **PERFECT**  
**TIMEPIECE!**

*It's Guaranteed*  
**only \$3.69**  
**2 for \$6.95**

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Watch the Rainbow Colored Whirling Disc Spin Round and Round as Time Marches On!

Think of the fun and satisfaction that can now be yours with this Swiss Chalet Electric Whirling Clock. This new ornamental clock with its colorful and intricate Swiss design, its beautiful molded plastic case and its precision electric movement, will add charm and beauty to any room. Your family and friends will be positively delighted with the striking colors of the painted Alpine Scene which adorns the clear-view, easily read dial of the clock. Made to represent a world renowned Swiss Chalet this lovely clock is unquestionably the most beautiful, the most original and the most useful electric clock ever to be offered for the sensational low price of \$3.69 or two for \$6.95. All the quaint styling of famed Swiss Craftsmen is faithfully reproduced in this beautiful chalet replica, from the rustic colored shingles on the roof and the artistic chimney to the latticed windows and mounted deer's head. Even the native bird and the quaint peasant clothes of the boy and girl are all accurately reproduced. This Swiss Chalet Precision Electric Whirling Clock is made so it can either hang on wall or stand on table. Measures full 6 1/4 inches high. It's unconditionally guaranteed to satisfy and to perform faithfully and accurately.

Don't be disappointed! Don't pass up this buy of a lifetime and be sorry afterwards. Rush your order for one or more Swiss Chalet Electric Clocks today while the supply is still available. First come, first served. Just mail your order on the handy coupon below.

**Precision  
ELECTRIC  
CLOCK**  
is Accurate  
and Dependable

The electric motor which powers this clever time piece is the quiet kind which requires no winding. There is no hum to disturb your sleep. Just plug it into your electric socket and watch the multi-colored spinning disc whirl away the passing of time.

**You'll Love Every Feature Of This New Clock**



Colorful  
Whirling  
Disc  
Revolves  
Continuously



Native Bird  
Adds a  
Quaint  
Decorative  
Touch



Realistic-looking  
Beautifully Colored  
Pot of Flowers  
Adorns Each Side  
of Chalet



Ornamental  
Deer's  
Head  
Is Mounted  
Over Clock Dial

## SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, DEPT. 4704  
1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Illinois

- ☐ Rush me the new Swiss Chalet Electric Whirling Clock. I will pay the postman only \$3.69 plus 20% Federal Tax and C.O.D. postage charges on arrival with the understanding that I must be delighted in every way or I can return the clock within 10 days for refund.
- ☐ Send me 2 Swiss Chalet Electric Clocks for the special price of only \$6.95 plus 20% Federal Tax and C.O.D. postage charges.

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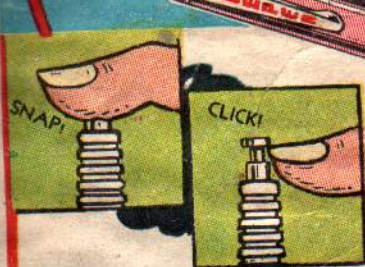


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Engraved Identification  
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COIN HOLDER  
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★ Large Built-In COIN HOLDER  
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- Feather touch button exposes ball point for instant, smooth writing.
- Release button retracts ball point inside chamber. Safe! Can't leak!
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